

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE
CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.
SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST
NEWFOUNDLAND

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
JAMES AND ALBERT STS.
TORONTO.

No. 2290. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1928.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



Salvationist to Anxious Enquirer : — "The only remedy for your spiritual lack is to be found in a full surrender to God's Will. The Bible shows you the way to obtain Full Salvation.

GOLD DUST

Swept up by Colonel Addy

The Devil cares not how spiritual your intentions may be, or how holy your resolutions, if only they are fixed for to-morrow.

The way of sin is downhill; a man cannot stop by his own will power when he would.

The Devil spreads his nets with the most watchful carefulness to entrap men's hearts; he baits his traps with the sweetest morsels to entice men into his power; he will paint and gild and dress up sin, in order to make men fall in love with it.

Satan tells people at the beginning of their lives that it is too soon to serve God, and at the end that it is too late.

Pride is the oldest sin in the world. Satan and his angels fell by pride. Rehoboam despised the counsel of the old experienced men who stood before his father. He lived to reap the consequences of his folly.

Guard your thoughts and there will be little fear about your deeds.

THE WILL OF GOD

THERE goes a man who acts decisively, confidently; he is unafraid of criticism, and we say, "He is one who knows his own mind! Surely he has a will of his own!" Look at him; view him from every angle; admire the example of steadfast purpose which he sets.

How often, perhaps in every meeting which we conduct, in some form or another, do we Salvationists announce the principle of self-renunciation, employing the words of Jesus and saying, "Thy will be done!" But how fully do we apprehend the significance of the phrase? How much do we understand and how much do we intend to express regarding the will of God?

From a study of the actions of many who make assertion of that denial of self, one would oftentimes be led to confusion of mind, supposing that only thus could we gain any idea of the Supreme Will—God's will. Again and again we find people changing their courses of conduct and altering their standards of life, despite fervent declarations that they have chosen that will to be their controlling power.

Does God change His mind? Has He a less resolute will than a determined man? We need to face the fact that God's mind is made up in accordance with All-wisdom, and it is not subject to changing circumstance. Men may make conflicting decisions regarding us; some in authority among devious wanderings. The Children of Israel were never intended to cover so tortuous in itinerary on their way to the Land of Promise, but He brought them through, even if they were a generation late. His purpose was unchanging, and, given His own way, He brought to pass that which He had designed should be.

Even so with all of us who place our trust in Him. As in the experience of the progress of the human race the way of development is oftentimes zig-zag, so, by reason of many interfering elements in or about us, we may be taken along a tortuous track. But the great joy for each one of us lies in the fact that He has made up His mind concerning us each, and if we trust Him, obey and follow faithfully, He will not fail to effect His profound purpose.

HOLINESS: Your Remedy

By the Rev. James Caughey

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION is an instantaneous Salvation—that act of the Holy Ghost, according to our faith, by which sin is entirely expelled from the soul, when the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and includes an instantaneous power then given, always to cleave to God. Thus, an excellent man remarked: "It is gradual in preparation, but instantaneous in reception; and the more earnestly we long for this unspeakable blessing, the more swiftly the preparation increases." The gradual preparation is often short, when the soul wills it, earnestly desires it, quickly abandons all for it, and prays as it should.

rooted in that heart of yours, among the plants of grace, like weedroots in a bed of vegetables. They must be uprooted, or they will destroy or dwarf the plants of grace within you.

Indwelling sin is Satan's capital. He who has a small capital will keep adding to it. It is Satan's investment, and he will not neglect it; the devil's stock, and he will watch its rise and fall in the market, close as any stock-jobber.

Sin is in itself an accumulating principle. A slight cold is prone to additions. It is so with indwelling sin. Its nature is to render you cold to duty, and cold in your affections towards God and His peo-

"Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."—1 Peter 5:8.



The Lion of Sin is waiting to pounce on the man who lets the fire of righteousness burn low. Faith and works will keep it burning brightly

A snake may cast its coat, but keeps its venom. A sinner may cast off much of the "old man" in outward and even in inward character, but is not cleansed from all sin, there is a snaky inclination in his nature that may wound others, or the cause of God, or himself eternally.

That was a shrewd saying of one, that "a profession of religion without purity is like a fair glove drawn over a foul hand." Purity is the prime jewel of moral worth in man or woman. What is the most graceful dress humanity ever wore, if the one who wears it has a filthy person? We would shrink from such a creature; but such is he who makes a graceful profession of religion, and carries about him an unclean spirit, an impure heart; he lacks the prime jewel of moral worth—purity.

Let that new convert hearken! The remains of sin, yea, the seed of every sin is within till you are cleansed throughout spirit, soul, and body.

That was a good remark of one, "There is much of the old man in the new." Already have you been made sensible of the fact. Those seeds have taken root; they are

ple. It contracts the fine affections of your soul as a cold the fine vessels of your body, rendering you chilly and shivering in the presence of a good Gospel fire.

You have the elements of this ague within; it has begun, in fact, in these incipient stages. Get rid of it. The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from it. The medicine is ready if your faith is ready. Why not now? "All things are possible to him that believeth." May you have no rest till you are cured of these ague fits, slight, indeed, at present. It would be a wonder were it otherwise, considering your present advantages. But inbred sin has a lodgment in your nature, and every exposure to "evil air," to bad company, and bad influence will add to it. Your ague fits will increase.

Purity of heart is your remedy. Be not deceived. Are you clear in your conversation? If not, in all likelihood you will wander back to the devil.

Be not deceived in your intentions regarding sin. You have put it away, surely you have, if regenerated. But have you parted with it forever, think you? Have you quite removed your eye off it?

No treacherous inclination towards it? No hankering after it? Do you hate it?

There is much in that remark of one, that "many deal with their sins as the mother of Moses with her boy"—she put him away, but provided for him: hid him in the ark of bulrushes, as if she had forsaken him quite; but kept her eye upon him, and at last became his nurse. Thus many leave but love their sins. They hide them from the eyes of others, but their hearts go after them. At last they take their sins to nurse and give them the breast.

Can you detect anything of this in yourself? Then let me shout in your ears—"Peril!" "Make a clean breast of it," as they say sometimes to criminals; resolve upon heart purity; it is your only safety. The blessing is your spiritual birthright if you are born from above. You will backslide, perhaps foully and fatally, without it.

A Natural Consequence

A young lady lost her evidence of Justification through some sore mental conflict or other; but one day, when listening to a sermon on Rom. 8:16, she regained it. "Then," said she, "with the blessing of Justification in one hand, I held forth the other for Full Salvation. That was the proper attitude for a truly justified soul. She soon after obtained the blessing. Can you separate green from a healthy and growing leaf and keep it healthy and growing? Or heat from fire and keep it fire? Or sunshine from the sun and keep it sunshine? As well try habitually to separate a desire for Purity from your justification and keep your justification.

God commands you to be holy—"Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy. How can you continue justified in disobeying so plain a command? "For this is the will of God, even your Sanctification." How can you retain the blessing in question with a will so contrary to God's will? You may answer these questions as best you can; they require none from me, only this: I would not like to trust the safety of my state to such a Justification. It is deceptive and dangerous.

Holiness preserves itself and those who possess it; a high encouragement to seek it. Your not seeking it has been the cause of your "sinning and repenting, and repenting and sinning again"—your constant oscillations between darkness and light, and light and darkness, aye, and of all your troubles.

WHAT A CHANGE!

Lord, what a change within us
in short hour
Spent in Thy presence can suffice to
make,
What heavy burdens from our spirit take,
What thirsty lands refresh as with a shower—
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others, that we are not steadfast strong,
That we are ever overcome by care,
That we should ever weak or altogether be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage
with Thee?—Trench.

"IF I COULD HAVE MY WAY"

Harry the Road-maker had it, and beat the devil.

By Humphrey Wallis

as glass, blue as Spring sky should be. "I'll marry you, my girl," said Harry. "Get ready for me." She flung the cotton iron-holder she held in her hand full in his face and vanished behind the slammed door.

That night he learnt the hours of laundry workers, and waited for her. He waited every night while his job outside the town lasted. She did not give him a word. He did not follow her home, but he said the same thing when she passed him: "I love you, and you shall be my wife." All the girls laughed and joked him. He roared back jokes and laughs.

Then he went road-making miles and miles away.

how, the little fist waving helplessly—he tasted man's pleasures to the height.

How was it he got loose from such safe mooring as that and of the youngsters that came afterwards? He could not tell. It was a glass with this one, and a mug with that other chap; a draught to quench thirst, and another to lengthen the taste; and so, before he was aware, the chains were on, the locks locked, and the keys, apparently, thrown where none in this world could find them. There were quarrels. Jenny spoke her mind. He beat Jenny. Jenny took herself back to the laundry; her pride in her man altered to anger; and, though she was a good, real wife, she taunted him at



IT WAS his obsession. He would be a champion. Tramping the paths leading to bridge-building, viaduct-making, road-laying, or quarrying, he pondered on conquest complete and permanent. While he worked, his vast, round shoulders bent to pick or spade, his thoughts partially suspended by physical engrossment, this desire raised its head intermittently, always beginning, "If I could have my way!"

He could not have his way, and it fretted him, huge bulk of thews and sinews. When he fought madly with his fellows, like an enraged bull, till, still standing, flinging the sweat from his face with his hard hand, he offered the vanquished the grip of renewed friendship, the pleasure dim in the swift reminder, "I can't down that!"

Marching in on Saturday afternoon, successful gladiator of toil, with his five, six, sometimes seven, golden sovereigns to the favorite "house of call," as he slapped the money on the metal counter, paid the long score of the week's liquor, and called for more for self and friends, he saw, somehow, for an awful instant, little pairs of boots, children's stockings, a boy's pants, a little girl's petticoat, a woman's dress, slipping across in the palm of the publican. He had a feeling something akin to torture till the drink swamped his brain.

Cheerful Scenes

Walking back at night to the white-washed kitchens and chilly cleanliness of the common lodging-houses of half the cities and towns of the English shires, he peeped with grey eyes from under his beetling brows at the unshuttered windows where firelight or lamplight made humble comforts cheery. Mothers at the fireside or sewing at the table, children playing or doing lessons, tea on the table waiting for father, or father at tea, with one child on his knee and another at his side. The passing giant groaned, "If I could have my way!"

Behind him lay a man's idyll. Son of an Irishwoman who was strong, unilent, tall, vigorous, and comely at seventy years, and of a father busy mending roads, and putting in a day's work equal to a young fellow's, at seventy-six, he had early felt the joy of his own physical life and power. A boy, he took a man's task. Easily he earned. Gladly he gave to his mother, and shared with any chum. He felt as some Viking must have felt among a small, southern race, when he happened to mingle with crowds of well-dressed, well-harbed, pink or white complexioned, less virile traders, brain-workers, and factory folk. Their little meals amused him, he who ate his steak cooked slightly on a clean shovel over a brazier or furnace, and slumbered awhile after food, on a couch of flints or a chunk of granite, amid the sounds of heavy traffic or heavier blasting operations.

He saw Jenny put her flaxen head and saucy hand round the edge of a laundry door on a windy day. A dainty piece of girlhood! "She was a sight to make an old man young." She made the great fellow fancy a fresh spring breeze was blowing instead of a chill nor-easter. He saw her watching across the street for something or someone, then quickened his strides till he was level with the door. He stooped to her. She lifted eyes, unafraid, unstartled, clear



"She flung the iron-holder full in his face"

Returning, he hid himself at a corner in the dusk. Jenny came with her friends, but when these took their homeward ways she walked sedately on her own path. He caught her at a halt by the old tree at the cross-roads, a lonely figure.

"Jenny!" he cried, and stood before her with his arms outstretched.

Her face, serious, frightened, gleamed up at him; then she ran to him, and, as he swept her close to his mighty breast and thickly-beating heart, she sobbed, "Wherever you been? How could you go off and leave me?"

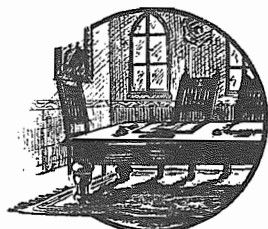
Woman's way! They were married after a period of engagement. He had the joys of modest love, a girl's sweet teaching, the little home with the shining ornaments, the clean hearth, the snowy cloth spread with woman's neatness, the companionable meal, the night of cosiness. All for him, his own nook and dear cave in, but not of, the haunts of men! The hour that saw his first-born—tiny head covered thickly with silky brown hair, the shade of his own stubbled thatch, lying in the bend of his el-

intervals with being a father who could not keep his children because he was a drunkard.

Was he a drunkard? He did not think so; no drunkard can believe he is a drunkard. But here he was, a tramping navvy, worth gold, paid gold, a winning fighter, an A1 worker, and his poor kids hardly saw him and ran to school, not ragged—Jenny saw to that, though she worked her fingers to the bone—but bare and empty.

"If I had my way!" What chained prisoner had his way? But, oh, to be a winner, and win free from his tyrant and prison! Oh, to be able to do the good he would and could not! Oh, for Jenny home again at woman's proper work, singing around the home suds and cleaning, and him trotting her and the kids out shopping and pleasuring! "If I could have my way!" How many times he had sworn he would have it, and surrendered again to his captor before the words were hardly uttered!

The job ended. He tramped back to the town rooms that held his family. Jenny was at the laundry. The baby was crying in its bed. The



eldest son was worried into unchild-like responsibility and spoke to Harry as if he, the father, were an infant, and he, the first-born, were an old man. "I can't keep these kids quiet. They'll nick one another's bread-an'-treacle, an' there ain't enough to nick," complained the child wistfully. "Leave it to me, and take a rest, old son," said Harry, to him.

That Inward Insistence

"You! You don't know nothin' about 'em. An' mother said I wasn't to leave 'em," answered the boy.

"God's truth!" said Harry, and wandered out to the tune of that horrible inward insistence that he ought to be a conqueror.

Down the street a group was singing in a kind of shout, made noisier by drum-thumps and an erratic concertina:

Dark shadows were falling.
My spirit appalling,
Far hid in my heart sin's deep crimson
Satin lay,
And when I was weeping,
The past o'er me creeping,
I heard of the blood when can wash
Sins away.

"Salvationists!" said Harry, and turned in the opposite direction. A workman in a shabby Salvation Army uniform cap, selling copies of "The War Cry" from door to door, said to him: "You come along o' us, brother, and we'll do you a neighbour's turn."

"Thank ye!" said Harry, continuing elsewhere. A second chorus followed.

He stopped on the corner. In language and by metaphors he could visualise he heard a five-minute sermon preached on the One Who is able to remedy all man's woes. The insistent, persistent demand for conquest rose to the surface and declared, "Here is the Power! This is truth! You must go after these people, and get what they have got! You must! Now! Now! NOW!" A group, drum, concertina, evolved a semi-military march to their Hall. Harry burst in on Jenny, just from the laundry, and already soothing and feeding the children.

A Peremptory Command

"You take me to The Salvation Army!" ordered her lord. "I'm a-going to get converted. I mean it. Come on!"

Poor Jenny gave one look at him, caught up her hat and jacket, and with a hasty direction to the first-born to hold on for a few more minutes till mother came back, followed him. Together they walked into the Hall. Harry had been fighting the night before. He had a "thick ear" and a black eye, one old boot tied up with string, and one old shoe. His coat was split up the back. Jenny longed to have his shirt in the wash-tub. She was heartily ashamed of him. But power was upon him, and she went meekly into the nearest seat, where he flung himself, his hands on his thighs, his eyes on the Officer speaking from the platform.

Presently, with a roar like a wounded bull, he rose, blundered along the aisle, and fell on his knees at a bench against the platform. She could not see her man—her man, whatever he had done or did, cry alone and hammer with his fists on the wood; so she knelt beside him.

(Continued on page 5)

UNITED FOR SERVICE

and another in Palmerston. On Tuesday night a rousing Open-air was held at Moorefield. God's Spirit was felt and all present were blessed. On Sunday night we had with us visitors from Ottawa, Kitchener and Mount Forest, who took active part in the Open-air, and in a soul-stirring meeting inside.—E.E.B.



Sub-Territorial Commander

WELCOMED AT CARBONEAR
AND IN ST. JOHN'S

On Wednesday, Lieut.-Colonel Dickerson, with Major Walton and Staff-Captain Cornick, motored to Carbonear. Prior to the evening service they spent a happy time with the Young People who were holding their annual picnic. The Colonel was much impressed with the kindness of the comrades of Carbonear, and thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

The service held in the evening was well attended. A special program had been arranged by Ensign Hewitt, the Corps Officer. The occasion was used to introduce the Colonel to the comrades and friends of Carbonear, and the sentiments of welcome voiced by Major Walton were heartily endorsed. The Colonel in his address solicited the earnest cooperation and prayers of the Soldiers in the great crusade against sin and wrong-doing.

On Thursday, August 16th, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson paid their initial visit to St. John's No. III Corps, and assisted by Major and Mrs. Walton and Staff-Captain Cornick, conducted the evening meeting. Major Walton introduced the new leaders who in turn expressed their thanks at having such worthy colleagues as Major and Mrs. Walton by their side. They expressed their desire to lead men and women into greater and grander achievements for the Kingdom of God.

Staff-Captain Fagner spoke warm words of welcome on behalf of the nurses of Grace Hospital.

During the Prayer meeting several seekers came forward for consecration.—M.L.

At St. John's

The comrades of St. John's II Corps shared in welcoming Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson to the Sub-Territory, and particularly to the Corps. They were delighted to have them for Sunday, August 19th.

The Colonel is much impressed with the crowds of people who attend Army meetings here, and of the opportunity which The Army has.

The Hall was filled for the Holiness meeting when Major Walton, who supported the Sub-Territorial Leaders throughout, voiced the hearty sentiments of welcome which the comrades of the Corps felt.

Mrs. Dickerson's address was full of illumination, and many were blessed.

In the afternoon the Colonel dedicated the infant son of Ensign and Mrs. Brown to God and The Army.

The evening meeting was also well attended. Major Walton, leading some soul-stirring choruses, awakened memories in the hearts of backsliders and caused many broken chords to vibrate again.

The story of the wonderful conversion of the Philippian jailer and the power of God was the basis of Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's address, and many were moved. There were several seekers for Salvation in the Prayer-meeting.

On Tuesday, August 21st, Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, assisted by Major Walton, conducted an Officers' council, when about twenty-five Officers were present. It was a very blessed occasion.

News from NEWFOUNDLAND



SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — Lieut.-Colonel Dickerson SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S

TWO VETERAN WARRIORS CALLED TO THEIR REST

BRO. ROBERT BRADBURY,
Bay Roberts

SISTER MRS. JAMES STRIDE,
Bridgeport

On Monday night, August 6th, one of the oldest Soldiers of Bay Roberts, Brother Robert Bradbury, answered the Roll Call. He was ill for only a few days, and during that time gave assurance to his friends and comrades that all was well, and that he was just waiting for the Summons.

It was indeed a wonderful death-bed scene. Our comrade met death without fear. To the Corps Officer, Commandant Simmons, whom he delighted to see and talk with, he said when nearing the end, "His promises are sure, to the end. His love is without bottom or shore. It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am the chief. Jesus is mine."

For nearly forty years Brother Bradbury was a faithful Soldier of the Corps. During that time he was never known to falter. His life was a living example of Godliness. He was a Local Officer of the Corps for many years and faithfully filled his position. He will be missed in the Corps as a good Soldier, and in the community as a good citizen.

The funeral service was conducted by Commandant Simmons, assisted by Commandant Bowering, a large number of friends were present to pay their last respects to a well-known friend and citizen. Commandant Simmons spoke from the text, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The Envoy, Sergeant-Major, and Commandant Bowering, paid tributes to their departed comrade. The remains were interred in the Coley's Point Salvation Army Cemetery. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved wife and children, one of whom is Young People's Sergeant-Major of the Corps and another a Soldier in Toronto.

Many Officers and comrades of former days will learn with regret of the passing of Sister Mrs. Stride, affectionately known as "mother."

Our comrade has snuffed for the last ten or twelve years and during the past few years was only able to walk with difficulty, yet she always endeavored to get to the meetings.

Although she had to make several attempts to rise to her feet to testify, she struggled to do so and mingled her testimony with the others.

"Mother" Stride was a woman of prayer. Often when every one was asleep she would be heard praying.

Our veteran sister passed away on Thursday, July 26th. Her two younger boys, away at the fishery, were unable to look on their mother's face before she passed away.

When spoken to during her last months of illness she would give definite assurance of her Salvation and voice her longing to enter into Perfect Rest. She died at the age of 65, after over thirty years Soldiership.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign and Mrs. White, of Morton's Harbor, assisted by the Rev. Davis, and Captains Jennings and Barnes.

The Memorial service was conducted by Captains Barnes and Jennings. From the words of the different speakers it was clearly seen that our sister's life was one of true Christianity. Captain Jennings' solo, "Will the circle be unbroken?" brought back memories of the past to many. Captain Barnes, who gave the address, emphasized the fact that spiritual death is only for those who enter into Eternity without Christ; but to the Christian it was only falling asleep to awaken in the beautiful City of God. One soul sought Christ.

HEARS THE "WELL DONE"

SISTER MRS. CHUBB,
St. John's

Sister Mrs. Willis Chubb (nee Captain Winnie Saunders) entered into her Eternal Rest on August 7th. She was converted when a child, became a Junior Soldier, and eventually became a day-school teacher, teaching for seven years at several places, including Curling, Exploits, and St. John's II, from which Corps she entered the Training Garrison in 1924, to train for Officership.

From the Training Garrison she entered the Grace Hospital, where she worked hard and faithfully as a nurse, and won first place in her studies there. From the Grace Hospital she married Brother Willis Chubb.

Our comrade had been ailing for some time and on June 7th entered the Grace Hospital for treatment.

Although she received every care and attention possible, her condition did not improve. She suffered a great deal, but was very patient and resigned. After coming through a very serious operation she eventually succumbed, and entered the Land where suffering is unknown.

The C. C. C.

September—

A Call to Holy Living

Her last words were: "I am ready; all is well."

She leaves to mourn a husband, a widowed mother, one brother, and two sisters, one of whom Pearl is on the teaching staff of the Salvation Army College.

The Promoted comrade was laid to rest in The Army Cemetery by the side of her father.

The funeral service was conducted by Staff-Captain Cornick, assisted by the Rev. Moore. A large crowd attended the service, including Staff-Captain Fagner, Adjutant Payton, Captain Jennings and other nurses from the Grace Hospital.

"IF I COULD HAVE MY WAY"

(Continued from page 3)

hearing the Salvationist on his other side telling him how to pray, how to know Christ was Saviour from sin, how to experience "the new birth," how to cease to be a prisoner, and be a conquering disciple of Christ.

The navy bent his hands, bent his head, on the form. Tears gushed from his eyes. He was dumb and pitiful in some tremendous, unseen, struggle within himself. At last, the Salvationist, silently praying, he trembled violently, raised his clasped hands and streaming face, convulsed with emotions, and cried, "Lord, save me! Lord Jesus, save me from my sin!" Down went his head again. Then, unheeded, serene, he stood up, smiled on the tense, absorbed, praying men and women, and lifted his wife in his arms. "God's done it!" he said quietly. "Devil's beat! You've got your husband at last, my girl."

The section of The Army congregating at that Hall rose up and sang the Doxology, before offering a service of praise and rejoicing over a sinner ransomed by Christ and restored to the Father-God.

Waking next morning early, Jenny thought it a vanished dream till she saw Harry kneel to say his prayers before creeping out. She covered her face with the sheet and wept—the last tears she shed for years.

He took the first job that was offered, and was at work before breakfast. He had no food except a hunch of bread given him by a mate at the dinner hour. Over that he said, "Thank You, Lord. I don't deserve it," to the unbounded astonishment of the men. To their queries he answered with an open confession of himself as a drunken sinner saved by Eternal Mercy.

One put a can of beer under his nose. A second got a tin of water and held it to him. Harry took the water and drank. "No more liquor for me. He's saved me from that," he said.

He could hardly write; he could hardly read. Nevertheless, he built up, in a few years, a big contractor's business. Mrs. Jenny had a servant, and a horse and trap in which to drive herself. One son went to a fine boarding-school and was the delight

of the others, who went to practical handicrafts. Harry was elected a councillor by his town. To his nomination meeting he was fetched from supervising and assisting in road work, his cord trousers tied up with straps, a leathern belt round his shirted waist, an old, rough coat on his shoulders. He saved the taxpayers hundreds of pounds by his knowledge of road-making. He brought dozens of workers like himself to The Salvation Army to seek the Friend of all men.

Regularly on Saturday afternoons he sallied forth in corduroys, battered hat and old boots, with a broken-backed, wooden chair in his hand.

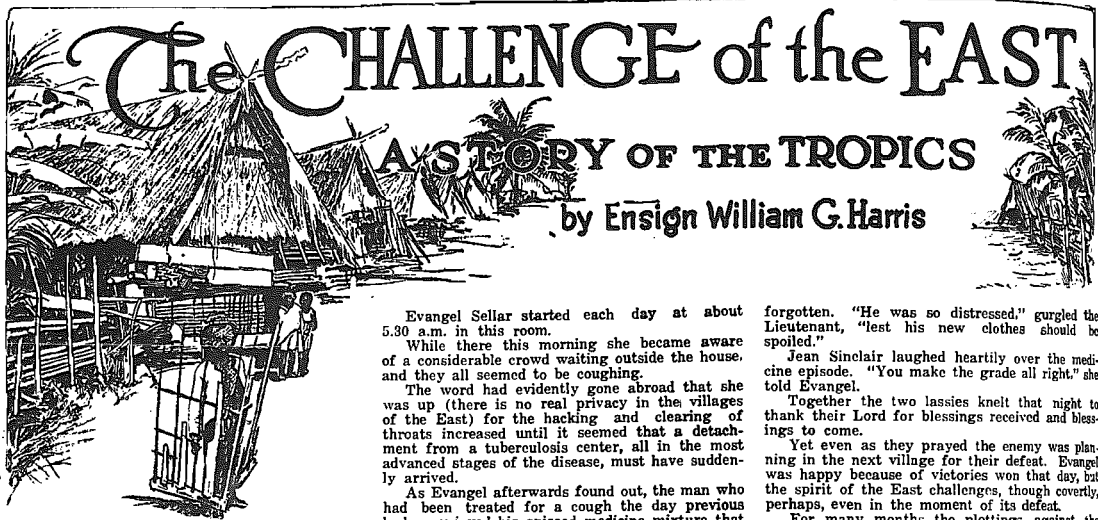
"Where are you going, looking like a down-and-out?" his wife asked the first time.

"Up to speak in the Open-air before the pub doors and catch the men on the booze," said Harry.

"But why like that?"

"To keep meself humble. I ain't got to forget Who give me the victory nor what I am without Him."

Death came. Harry died, conquering, knowing he had lived to die, and now died to life for evermore. His dream of Victory was Eternity's Reality.



NEW READERS START HERE

The story opens in a village of Central Java with the feared headman, Ramdikrama, calling the village "Imam" (priest) to his aid for the healing of his favorite wife, Soekijah.

The village "long-tongues" are sounding to keep the evil spirits away when there is a cry in the evening air of "Ghosts! Ghosts! White Ghosts!" The whole populace run in terror for shelter as the white figures advance.

They prove no other than two Salvation Army missionaries, Captain Jean Sinclair and Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, an American girl, who have come to lend their aid to the sick woman. For some reason the latter, although helped, shows a distinct dislike to Evangel Sellar.

There are glimpses of the Officers' bamboo Quarters at Djedag, some village activities and the promotion of Scout to the status of a grown dog as he is enjoined to look after Evangel while the Captain sets off for a distant village where she expects to stay the night.

CHAPTER III

HERE were no windows in Evangel Sellar's bed room, but a square hole had been cut in the plaited bamboo walls and a wooden frame with shutters erected around it.

"Foolhardy," the Javanese who have no windows in their houses had judged the arrangement. "Healthy," the American girl had said briefly. "I like to breathe fresh air while I sleep."

"An open invitation to thieves," old Lama had suggested solemnly.

And so it seemed when Lieutenant Sellar awoke at daybreak.

All night long she had slept but fitfully; constantly she heard the "woufs" of Scout; there had been unnecessary creaking-of-bamboo noises, and rustlings among the shrubs in the garden. It had been a restless night—alone with a strange people and knowing little of their customs and languages—in Central Java.

Horror of Horrors!

Horror of horrors! As Evangel opened her eyes to the red glow of the rising sun she espied three dark forms leaning through the window square and peering furtively around the room.

She could not keep back the exclamation or cry which brought Scout rushing from the front of the house. At the approach of the dog the three forms made a hurried disappearance.

"Just curious people!" was the thought with which the young Officer had comforted herself. "And yet . . ."

A nervous start to her first day alone in the mission field.

One room in the crude little native house where Evangel Sellar and her Captain lived was a holy of holies. When either entered this little sanctum the door was locked. Old Lama said it was the room where the Officers talked with God. Sure it was that in this room the problems of the day, often peculiar and urgent ones, were laid before God; here the Bible talks in a foreign language were labored over and bathed in tears of love and yearning, and when the heart-strings pulsed homeward and the East challenged mockingly, when the spirit was heavy and the flesh weak, the prayer-mat would be pulled across the earthen floor and the finite of two ladies Officers would in faith grasp the consoling and uplifting presence of the Infinite—and all would be well.

Evangel Sellar started each day at about 5.30 a.m. in this room.

While there this morning she became aware of a considerable crowd waiting outside the house, and they all seemed to be coughing.

The word had evidently gone abroad that she was up (there is no real privacy in the villages of the East) for the hacking and clearing of throats increased until it seemed that a detachment from a tuberculosis center, all in the most advanced stages of the disease, must have suddenly arrived.

As Evangel afterwards found out, the man who had been treated for a cough the day previous had so enjoyed his aniseed medicine mixture that he had broadcast its desirability and virtues to all and sundry who he had happened to meet. "You can get a very nice drink at the white ladies' house if you have a cough," the news went round.

A look at the medicine-chest gave Evangel a shock, for the supply of aniseed was very low indeed, and a great crowd outside waited for treatment. True, only a few, perhaps, were genuine cases and she surmised this, but she must tend to them lest a spirit of animosity be stirred up, and then what would the Captain say on her return.

Playing for Safety

Then an idea came to the Lieutenant. She now fully understood what the Scripture meant with its exhortation to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

There was a small supply of aniseed and a large supply of epsom salts on the shelves of the medicine-chest.

She would play for safety and do the people good at the same time.

So Evangel made a saturated solution of the salts and just tinged the mixture with a coloring of aniseed.

The first patient came forward and was told to drink down the medicine at one draught.

He looked questionably at the man who had been treated the previous day. Was this the right stuff? There was a glance at the color and a nod of the head which assured him.

He drank the medicine and pulled a wry face.

The next fellow was a little unnerved. Where had he pain? the question was asked. "All over," came the reply.

"And how long have you been like this?" Evangel continued.

"Many, many weeks!"

"Do you believe that I can help you?" said the young American.

"Yes," was the eager reply, "with some of that nice drink you gave to a friend of mine yesterday!"

The previously given treatment of the morning again sufficed and in like manner Evangel Sellar dealt with the whole crowd.

An Efficacious Remedy

"Come back to-morrow and continue the cure," she told them with a disarmingly innocent smile, old Lama acting as translator.

The following morning showed that a cure had been effected in ninety-five per cent of the cases!

But what happened to the native who recommended that medicine to his fellows was never discovered.

It was a very happy Lieutenant who welcomed her Captain back home that night.

The horse was scarcely in the stable before Captain Sinclair had been told of the record attendance at the morning school. There was also the success of the afternoon's Band of Love sewing class to relate when some of the boys as well as the girls of the village had come to learn to use the needle. The predicament of the boy, who, somehow, managed to sew his sewing exercise cloth to his very scanty clothing, was not

forgotten. "He was so distressed," gurgled the Lieutenant, "lest his new clothes should be spoiled."

Jean Sinclair laughed heartily over the medicine episode. "You make the grade all right," she told Evangel.

Together the two lassies knelt that night to thank their Lord for blessings received and blessings to come.

Yet even as they prayed the enemy was planning in the next village for their defeat. Evangel was happy because of victories won that day, but the spirit of the East challenges, though covertly, perhaps, even in the moment of its defeat.

For many months the plottings against the white Officers continued, put in no obvious way by their influence undermined. On the contrary, in many ways the work spread and prospered.

For any feelings against the missionaries the headman and the village priest were chiefly responsible.



"An ugly look clouded the girl's face, completely distorting its delicate native beauty"

It was Soekijah, however, the young wife of the headman and the belle of the district, saved from death's door by the attentions of the Officers, who acted like a demon possessed and for some reason hated her benefactors. It was she who fanned the smouldering fires of hate and suspicion of her husband and the "Imam" into a constant flame.

(Continued on page 9)

Army Activities in Other Lands

*A Review of
Our World Wide
Operations*

EVEN in normal times the work on behalf of the women in China is surrounded by difficulties; they are, however, increased by continual civil war,

CHINA

with all its misery and evils," says Mrs. Commissioner McKenzie, of North China, in the "Crusader," the English edition of the Chinese "War Cry." Nevertheless, in quite a number of Corps, our brave-hearted Officers are struggling hard against great odds to minister to the women in their homes, and as frequently as possible, in holding meetings for mothers and daughters.

"The meeting conducted by Mrs. Captain Boney at the Ho Tung Corps, Tientsin, has, up to the present, the largest attendance, ranging from seventy to one hundred women. Very few of these women are able to read. Thus their minds are very dark. They admit, however, the idols in their homes can give them no help. Thus they listen to the story of Jesus, and Mrs. Captain Boney is not without faith that many will be soon found sitting at the feet of Jesus and receiving Him as their Saviour. There is a splendid tambourine band at this Corps, composed of very bright girls who love The Salvation Army and reside in the meetings. There is also a very fine company of women Soldiers, Aderents and Recruits, who attend a weekly meeting at the South West Corps, Tientsin. This is conducted by Mrs. Captain Patterson. Quite a number of them have an intelligent grasp of the saving knowledge of the truth. Some of these dear women walk several miles to attend this meeting.

"In visiting various Corps in her region, Major Gilliam has adopted rather a singular method to attract the woman to attend the meetings held by her. She takes a small gramophone around with her, and some records of Chinese hymn tunes, to which music the women listen with consuming interest. This little method has been followed by a heart talk on important matters pertaining to their bodies as well as their souls. Since her appointment to the South Corps in Peking, Adjutant Sundberg has adopted new methods to attract the women to the Hall, and success has attended her efforts both at the Hall and its Outpost. With her Assistant Officer, she goes out on the street with the drum and holds a meeting for half an hour, then makes the announcement that a special service for women only is about to be held in The Salvation Army Hall, with the result of increasing attendances each week."

AN OPEN-AIR demonstration held in connection with the establishment of Founder's Day Annual celebrations in Finland, closed in appearance of a fair.

FINLAND

When the gathering was over the Commissioner in charge felt that no real good had resulted from it. Afterwards it came to light that the meeting had captured the attention of a gentleman who had never before come into contact with The Army. The outcome was that he and his wife, as well as their two sons and two daughters, became converted and are fighting Salvationists today.

There was also a minor advantage accruing, namely in that an Englishman who had been among the listeners made a gift to The Army of 500 marks.

WEARING various medals, including one for saving life at sea, a British comrade, whom drink had cursed, was put in irons for endeavoring to throw a ship's corporal into the dry dock, gave a striking testimony of how he had found the Salvation of God. With a heart of torment in his breast, he was on his way to destruction when he was arrested by an Army Open-air meeting in Japan. In his testimony our comrade said:

JAPAN

"When I returned to my ship, they wanted to know what was the matter because I wasn't drunk. A shipmate said to me, 'Look here, if you're going on the straight ticket, kneel down and say your prayers.' So there and then I knelt on the wet decks and asked God to help me and He did. After my conversion I had to learn to go a step at a time, and not all the steps I took were right ones, for I was hot-headed and impulsive. Still, I was true to the light I had. Things were not too bad at first, but gradually they

things. While I prayed, the man kept my antagonist back. When I got to my feet he rushed at me. I dodged his attack and the next instant, as he recoiled from the gun-shield, I delivered the blow that ended his persecution of me. I am proud and glad to be able to say that afterwards that man became my firm friend and he was the very first convert God helped me to win in that ship. His conversion was followed by thirty-two others."

AN ACCOUNT of the conversion of a trophy comes from an Officer of the Men's Social Work in Holland. It concerned a man who came under our comrade's influence. The poor fellow was a drunkard and had reached the extremity of despair. He knocked and sought admittance at the door of an Army Industrial Home. This happened one night at a late hour when the man was very drunk. "The law says that such may not be admitted," said the

HOLLAND

porter fellow, but our's is a very busy life, and the thought of him almost passed out of my mind. One night not long ago, I was at a neighboring Corps. While there a well-conditioned, contented-looking man who was a uniformed Salvationist came up to me and said, 'Do you remember me?' To my no little surprise I found he was the man who had been in my office on the mattress fighting delirium tremens. Of course, his whole appearance was changed. 'I'm saved,' he said, 'with a happy light in his eyes. 'God has been very good to me. I am now not only converted, but I am most happily married and a soldier of the Corps.'

"It appears that he had resolved to earn my forgiveness," said our comrade, "and had striven with God's help to be better and 'make good' before he would see me again. His shame had kept him silent until he was fully assured of the permanence of his changed condition, then he made known to me the wonder wrought in his heart, not through the law of the land, but through the redeeming Grace of God."

SOMETIMES The Army's doctrine of "hope for the worst" seems so unbelieveable that no small difficulty is encountered in effecting the transfer of men from the jails of Burma to The Army's Rangoon Home for those still under sentence.

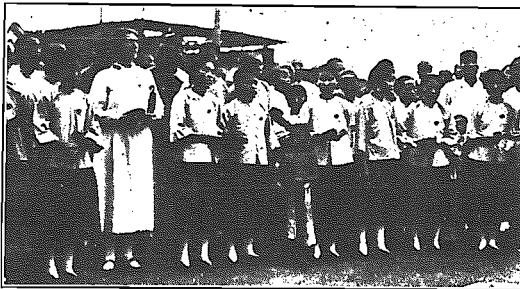
BURMA
Tun Kin, a man from an up-country jail, was regarded as so bad a case that the police-officers who were ordered to "deliver" him into The Army's keeping resolutely refused to remove his chains upon arrival. In vain the responsible Officer tried to point out to them that once he had signed for Tun Kin, the responsibility was all his. The police were convinced that if those chains were removed the convict would (in common parlance) make a bolt for it.

But Tun Kin was hungry, and lost no time in informing the Officers of his appetite, so remembering The Founder's famous dictum that the way to a man's heart is often via his stomach, the convict was conducted straightway to the dining hall. There he was allowed to eat as much as he pleased. The Officers watched long and patiently, and then began to wonder whether he would ever falter. It was the most enormous capacity they had ever encountered.

Tun Kin emerged after a long, long time, with a grin on his crime-marked face, and announced, "For once in my life, I've had enough!"

When the police-officers saw those signs of satisfaction they began to think that perhaps The Army was right after all, and the chains were removed. Tun Kin did not "bolt." Perhaps he had an eye to the prevention of his being taken to the workhouse or the carpenter's shop, and, as time progressed, proved himself such an excellent workman that The Army went to the length of setting him up in business on his own!

He now has a neat little shop in a village, out in the country, is doing well, and when he got news of his departure for England of the Officer who had dealt with him, he reappeared to bid him a tearful good-bye. Beyond a doubt he is absolutely changed in every respect, although the police, mark you, have taken the only safe way with several pounds of steel securely attached to his extremities.



A small portion of an Army Open-air ring in Peking, North China, singing a few Corps Cadets from The Army's Girls' Home, with their Matron, showing a Company song

grew harder, and now and then I was found crying behind a gun and asking God to help me with my temper, which was always rising to the top. Yet God wonderfully helped me. I was terribly tried, and if God had not helped me I should have gone to the Devil again.

"Hiding my clothes was one of the mildest ways some of the men had of tormenting me. One man threw a handful of pepper in my eyes; this caused me great pain. After having been blind for a day through this, another man soaked a loaf of bread in a kettle of boiling cocoa, when I was stripped for washing and blistered my back. I had afterwards to be put on the sick list through it. Judicious solution was rubbed into my hair. Still, God helped me to endure."

"At length, it may seem strange to you, but it was borne in upon me to do my best to put a stop to the sort of thing I was enduring. So I gave fair warning to all concerned. But they only laughed at me."

"When working on the quarter deck one day, a big, decrepit fellow thought he would catch me off my guard. It was a strange thing for me to do, but whilst I knelt at work on the quarter deck, I asked God to give me strength to grapple with my opponent, against whom I felt no personal bitterness, notwithstanding what he had done to me from time to time. It was not in temper that I prayed, but really with a desire to put an end to an unfortunate state of

Officer. 'Well, what did you do?' we inquired. The Officer's eye twinkled. 'Well' (with a shrug) 'that is the law, but there is grace. So' (but in a whisper) 'I let him in. What could I do? I could not turn him out on the streets like that. The police, as was their duty, would have got hold of him.' 'But you let him in while he was in that state?' we enquired. (The Officer had explained things). 'Yes, you see, I pulled a mattress into my office, and I got him on to it. By midnight the poor fellow was enduring the horrors of delirium tremens. It was trying to see him, and to watch the anguish and agony of each paroxysm as it swept over him. I could only 'stand by.' He had to go through the hell of torture alone."

"I tried to help him while I stayed with him as he fought with the beasts and the devils, and by four o'clock in the morning the dreadful tempest passed. He became calmer and more rational, and at length realized where he was, and was then completely overcome with shame."

"Will you forgive me?" he said when he knew the trouble he had given. 'I'll forgive you anything if you will try with God's help to do better.' I answered. But he was so thoroughly ashamed that he would not speak, and filled with remorse he stole away. He was, I noticed, very sensitive, and perhaps I was glad that none of the men knew he had been."

"Time passed, and occasionally I wondered what had become of the

ADING DISCHARGED PRISONERS

The Toronto "Globe" and the Superintendent of Penitentiaries Pay Tribute to The Army's Efforts for Released Criminals

IN A RECENT editorial, the Toronto "Globe," in making a plea on behalf of discharged prisoners, quotes an acknowledgment of The Army's work in this direction made by Brigadier-General Hughes, Superintendent of Penitentiaries, and adds his own gracious tribute to The Army's efforts to restore such transgressors of the law to a useful place in the life of the community.

We quote the "Globe's" editorial in full:

"An excellent illustration of the changed manner in which the criminal is regarded to-day is to be found in the two stories that appeared in The Globe yesterday. A despatch from Kingston states that eight inmates of the penitentiary there wrote the high school entrance examination of the Ontario Department of Education and all were successful, one man securing high honors. In the other statement, Brigadier-General Hughes, Chief of Police for the City of Toronto, made a strong appeal at the meeting of the Chief Constables' Association of Canada for some machinery to assist in the rehabilitation of the man who had served a term in the penitentiary. During his short term in office, General Draper said, he had come in contact with a number of men with prison records who needed help and he had found that very little was being extended to them. In reply to a question put by the Police Chief, Brigadier-General Hughes, Superintendent of Penitentiaries, stated that in his opinion something should be done. 'I have recommended this time and again in my reports,' he said. 'As it is now, nothing is being done, except by The Salvation Army and by humane, God-fearing Chiefs of Police. There is a crying need for something to be done for men when they are released from our penitentiaries.'

A New Sense of Self-Respect

"In the past few years the study of criminology has been so pursued as to bring about a changed attitude with regard to crime and criminals. As a result of this, prison reform has been conducted in innumerable ways, all designed to emphasize the remedial aspects of imprisonment rather than the punitive. The story from Kingston shows what is being done to supply the deficiencies of education among those serving a term of imprisonment, but who may be desirous of rectifying this handicap. It is safe to predict that these young men who have passed the entrance to high school will come out of prison with a new sense of self-respect, and in all probability with the determination to forsake their evil ways and turn over a new leaf.

"There are, no doubt, many who come forth from the penitentiaries of the Dominion, conscious that they have expiated their crime and are free men in the eyes of the law, who have seriously determined to turn their backs upon their old ways and lead an honest, upright life, but who find that the shadow of their past misdeeds pursues them and that the hand of man is against them. Some provision surely should be made to give such men the fresh start they desire. The charge has been made again and again that the man once convicted of a crime is done. He is looked upon as a pariah, refused employment, and at last, driven to desperation, he falls into his old ways of crime, that end once again in the penitentiary.

General Draper's appeal is humane. It is also economically sound. Every criminal turned into a law-abiding and hard working citizen becomes an

(Continued at foot of column 4)

"Everything is Jolly Fine"

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Visits the Army's Relatives' Hostel at Ypres

WELL, you certainly are doing wonderful work!" The Prince of Wales was glancing round the large cool rooms of the new Relatives' Hostel at Ypres and noting all the arrangements made for the comfort of the guests.

"Splendid bathroom!" he commented, looking in on that white creation of tile and porcelain. "Most comfortable beds," as he inspected one of the twenty-five well-furnished sleeping apartments. "But everything is jolly fine!"

The short, but most pleasurable visit of His Royal Highness took place on Wednesday last, after his morning of very taxing engagements with the British Legion pilgrims. Looking down from the

as he greeted a group of delighted relatives gathered in the drawing-room, in the happily informal manner for which he is famous.

Received by Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, who is in charge of The Army's War Graves Visitation, and Lieut.-Commissioner Unsworth, His Royal Highness was attended by General Sir Fabian Ware, Chairman of the War Graves Commission. The Royal visitor graciously accepted a brochure, drawn up by the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins, giving details of our work for pilgrims to the battlefields, such as that up to the end of last year 27,134 people had availed themselves of the facilities offered by The Army Hostels at Ostend, Ypres, Arras, and Boulogne; that Army Officers see them on to the trains in London, and meet the boats at Continental ports, and do everything to make both journey and visit as easy and comfortable as possible. He expressed especial pleasure in the fact that visitors are accepted irrespective of creed, and that they have come from all parts of the world. Commandant and Mrs. Warrington,



SEPTEMBER— SPECIAL HOLINESS CRUSADE

A great effort for the
deepening of the Spiritual
Life of God's People.

height of the Menin Ridge, we had seen the same slight figure in grey tweeds standing throughout the heart-moving ceremony at the Gate, the centre of a vast concourse, and later, near the gaunt ruins of the Cloth Hall, acknowledging for hours the salutes and the dipped silken banners, blue and gold, of apparently endless columns of marching Legionnaires.

Inevitable that on reaching the Hostel the face of the Prince should show traces of strain; but there was no inflection of fatigue in his voice

the Officers in charge at Ypres, being presented to His Royal Highness, he asked them a number of questions, being plainly astonished on hearing that sleeping accommodation had been found for no fewer than eighty-six visitors the night before.

Having signed the visitor's book, His Royal Highness departed, his car moving with difficulty through the dense crowd of Legionnaires and others who were shouting, "Hurrah for the Prince!"—and then "Hurrah for The Salvation Army!"

DENMARK'S NEW LEADER

Commissioner W. H. Howard
Promoted to Full Rank

We are pleased to announce the promotion of Lt.-Commissioner Howard, newly-appointed Territorial Commander for Denmark, who will take up his new responsibilities with the rank of Commissioner. He therefore becomes the second Army Officer to emulate his father in attaining the rank of full Commissioner, the other being the Chief of the Staff, who is

the son of the late Commissioner Edward Higgins.

Commissioner Howard, who became an Officer on Melbourne in 1889, when his father, Commissioner T. Henry Howard, was in charge of The Army's work in that country, has seen much service on the Continent, having filled the position of Chief Secretary in Denmark—to the command of which Territory he is now appointed—France and Sweden, and as Commander in Finland and Holland.

Commissioner Ogrin (Retired) at one time Territorial Commander in Denmark, will conduct the installation of the new Commissioner in Copenhagen in September.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRANSFERENCE BOARD

The Army's Solution for a Pressing Problem

With regard to the report of the Industrial Transference Board, referred to in a previous issue, we understand that the Chief of the Staff and the British Commissioner are considering how far The Army in the British Territory can extend a helping hand to the upwards of 200,000 workmen of all ages who "cannot expect to earn a livelihood from the industry in which they have hitherto been employed."

Meanwhile, Commissioner Lamb, of the Migration and Settlement Department, which has already contributed a good deal towards the solution of the problem by training thousands of boys for agricultural work in the Colonies and by transferring hundreds of families overseas, states that "our friends in the Dominion need have no anxiety about what The Army will do. It will adhere to first principles and well-tried methods, and never assist or encourage any one to leave the Homeland unless he or she is reasonably assured of work and a welcome on arrival overseas.

"One of our leading statesmen believes that The Army is itself a super-economic force, and as the Report suggests that there is need to stimulate interest in migration, the Chief of the Staff is considering proposals by which this can be done in the Homeland as well as overseas.

"Plans are now being considered by which The Army, through all its Corps and other Agencies, could unite in some efforts to aid suitable people desiring to migrate. Asked whether he thought emigrants would be welcome overseas, the Commissioner replied: "Yes! During my last tour of the Empire, in company with Mrs. Lamb, whether in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa, whenever we said we wished some of the folks of the Homeland could share the good things they enjoy, much sympathy was shown, and our remarks were roundly cheered.

"Any efforts The Army has in mind will be confined to settlement in the 'black blocks' and the country districts—anywhere outside the big cities where there is a possibility of unemployment.

"Several conferences have taken place with Lord Lovat, Chairman of the Overseas Settlement Department, and some of the Permanent Officials of the Overseas Settlement Department and the Ministry of Labour. If negotiations are successful The Army will be used to aid numbers of the right type of workers who desire a chance overseas."

(Continued from column 1)

asset to the State instead of a liability. The reception that a man gets when he emerges from prison will to a large extent determine his future course of action and his choice of a right or a wrong way of life. If he feels he can make appeal to the Government for assistance to start afresh and secure some form of employment he is hardly likely to seek his old haunts and associates in crime. The records of The Salvation Army bear abundant evidence of what may be done in this regard. The Army has a regular system of meeting the discharged prisoner and acting as a friend in need when the prison door has closed behind him and the man finds himself free again.

"But The Army cannot always secure employment, and what most men require in these circumstances is something to do. Here is a problem of a most humane and constructive nature that the Minister of Justice and the Attorney-General might give some thought to. Its solution would be an effective piece of humanitarian service."



Musical Fraternity

THE STORY OF THE BAND JOURNAL

Told for the First Time in this Way

By LT.-COLONEL F. G. HAWKES, Head of the Music Editorial Department

(Continued)

BAND AND SONGSTER

CHAT

"Bandsmen," writes a Hamilton comrade, addressing the fraternity, "it will keep you hopping to beat Hamilton. If Band. They are workers. During the Summer months they have attended Open-Airs, not only on Sundays, but on Thursdays and Saturdays, every man at his post. Bandmaster Joe Sharp deserves credit for the progress made during the six months he has held the baton." All success to you, comrades.

Commandant Trickey, the enthusiastic Songster-Leader of Verdun (Montreal V.B.), looked in the Editorial Sanctum the other day. He reports good progress. The membership now numbers thirty-three, and musters an average of twenty-seven at the weekly practice. Not too bad, eh, when one remembers the same claims of many of our Sister Songsters?

At the request of Captain Lambert, Chaplain of Christie Street Military Hospital, the Dovercourt Band on Thursday, August 1st, journeyed to the Summer branch at Centre Island, and delighted the patients with a program.

Bandmaster J. Nestlé has been given a cordial welcome to the Danforth Corps, and has assumed the chair of the Band. The Bandmaster hails from Ballymacarrett, Ireland, where his prowess in the musical realm is well-known.

Danforth Band has been strengthened by the addition of Bandman Campbell, of Ireland, who has taken up trombone. Bandman Arrowsmith, Sr., who has joined the horn section. Bandman Mitchell, Jr., has taken charge of the Young People's Band.

The letter addressed to the Editor by Bandmaster James Stohart, of New Aberdeen, asking information with regard to regulations, also he passed on to the Field Secretary, who will look into the matter and communicate by letter.

The Band Secretary of Wellington, New Zealand, must be an all-able man. He regularly keeps us in touch with the activities of his Band. We mention the fact as a gentle reminder to Band Secretaries who live a little nearer than the Southern hemisphere. There's something wrong somewhere in some places. Is the Band inactive or is it the Band Secretary?

WOODSTOCK BAND VISITS NORWICH

The Woodstock Band visited Norwich for a recent week-end. On Saturday night a splendid crowd stood and listened to the music and the speakers in the Open-Air for nearly two hours.

Much work in the Open-Air was carried out on Sunday, and we believe much good was done. At night the Hall was full for the Salvation meeting. Following this, another Open-Air meeting was held in the Park, where a fine crowd gathered.

The Band's visit was much enjoyed, and we also appreciated the messages of Commandant Hardy, who accompanied the Band and led the meetings.

EARLSCOTT BAND AT THE EXHIBITION

Ensign Harris, of the New York Editorial Staff, a visitor to Toronto, sends the following appreciation of Earlscott Band's week-end work: "Earlscott Band (Bandmaster Audouin) well represented The Salvation Army on the great Warlike Parade, held in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. The story of the week-end work as they marched past the saluting base told its own story of the high esteem in which the Army is held in Canada. In Eastern Canada, The Band made a great hit as they marched playing 'Rule Britannia.' From the great variety of music which they played, we learn that both the Governor-General, Lord Willington, and Lieut.-Governor Ross, were highly complimentary of the Army's aggregation.

On Saturday night the Band gave a brilliant and much-attended concert on one of the Exhibition Bandstands. For two hours a mammoth crowd of people sat down to enjoy the music and their efforts. As soon as seats became vacant they were immediately seized by others who came to enjoy the music. Something new to Exhibition concert procedure, when at the commencement, all the Bandstands were filled, and while a brief prayer was offered. The

(Continued at foot of column 4)

WHEN Army composers began to exercise their capacities, the music expanded and the tunes, in some cases, were not only longer, but of a much more developed nature, while the harmonies grew more varied.

Some of the Journals, from Nos. 50 onwards, which contained early specimens of original Army compositions, became extremely popular, and demanded for their effective rendition, what was considered quite a developed technique for that period. Space forbids mention of an extensive list, but the following may be given as specimens of this type. "We are marching on" (B.J. 54), "Sword and Shield" (B.J. 61), "Victory for me" (B.J. 69), "Never mind, go on" (B.J. 72), "A place in The Army for all" (B.J. 84), "True as steel" (B.J. 92), "Trumpet's call to war" (B.J. 96), "A Crown of Peace" (B.J. 100), "The penitent's plea" (B.J. 116); while such tunes as "Mighty as the Lord" (B.J. 119) and "The Song of the Ages" (B.J. 136) marked a still further advance in composition, arrangement, and general technique; and in No. 213 we have the first specimen of a song in march form, viz. "A Great Salvation."

We venture to suggest that if the

marches and selections. The then Editor, Lt.-Colonel Slater, was instructed to submit specimen types, and three of these were finally approved of for publication, viz. "The Morning Hymn March" (B.J. 411), "Our Battalions March" (B.J. 418), and "The Festival March" (B.J. 422). These compositions, therefore, represent the earliest pieces written expressly for Army Brass Bands, and as such mark a very important event in Army musical history.

Other early compositions in this form were "The Spanish Chant" (B.J. 427), "The Vesper Hymn" (B.J. 451)—by the present writer—and "The Swedish March" (B.J. 419).

First Selection

The first complete selection to be issued was then published under the title "Old Song Memories," arranged by Colonel Slater. This was published in the latter part of 1901. It was not included in the Ordinary Band Journal, but sent out separately as a supplement to the December issue of the Band Journal, the music occupying six pages.

"Songs of Scotland" (B.J. 428-9), "All Nations" (B.J. 455), and "Memories of Childhood" (B.J. 446)—also arranged by Colonel Slater—"Jesus Saves" (B.J. 438), and "A Soldier of The Army" (B.J. 463)—by the writer—were popular successes of the period, and these, indeed, have retained their favor until the present time.

The Medley

Prior to the publication of marches and selections, as we now know them, a form of composition known as a medley was popular both in vocal and instrumental form.

Some examples of a Medley, referred to last week, were published both in the Band Journal and "Musical Salvationists." The first appeared in B.J. 281, and this consisted of a number of choruses arranged to be played consecutively as a march.

In all six were published, the last two being based upon Indian tunes. This type was a natural forerunner of more composite forms.

An interesting combination of melodies appeared in the Medley published in B.J. 331, where, in the final chorus, "Let me hear you tell it over," no fewer than seven tunes are simultaneously employed. Instances of two and three melodies being so treated are fairly common, but we do not recall another case of melodic combination similar to this.

(To be continued)

PRONOUNCE IT THIS WAY

Many Bandsmen—and others—of this Territory have asked the same question as our Australian comrade. Here is the answer from the Editor of the "Bandman and Songster":

DEAR EDITOR.—Will you please settle once and for all whether the march No. 92, "Keyley," is pronounced Keyley or Keitley? The former was the pronunciation until I arrived here, but even now I am not sure. I am a native of the Old Land, and I am pronounced totally different every twenty miles in the Old Land. I am Albert Baugh, Staff Bandman, Melbourne, Australia.

[Keitley is the correct pronunciation.—Ed.]

EFFECTIVE SOLO SINGING

An Interesting Incident and Some Words of Advice

A Songster of about sixteen years of age, soloed by request one Sunday evening, "Alas, and did my Saviour Bleed." She was very nervous because she had never done anything of the kind before, and her solo was only ordinary. But she really loved God, prayed earnestly before hand, learned the words thoroughly, and sang with feeling. Two sinners were at the penitential-form ere she had finished, one of whom—a backslider—jumped over the seats in his eagerness to return to the Saviour.

Undoubtedly, many Songsters secretly wish that the Lord would similarly use their solos, and it is to such comrades that the following advice is offered.

Your spirit.—You must aim, above everything else, at glorifying the Saviour and blessing your fellows for God, who looks at the heart, can never use as His messenger, one who is striving merely for admiration or praise.

You should value singing as a pleasant way of getting the truth home to your hearers' hearts, and only then as a means to an end. Usually worldly singers are quite satisfied if people are pleased, but you should never be.

Pause to take breath at suitable places, for if through nervousness you omit to do so, you will quickly become exhausted. The musical accompaniment, if any, should be very soft, and any one who gives you the pitch should avoid delay and the diverting of attention.

Put suitable emphasis or stress on the most important words, and vary both tones and speed according to the thought you are expressing, even though you have to depart somewhat from the strict rendering of the music.

Stand where you can see and be seen by the people, so that you can influence them by your looks and actions as well as by your voice; this will usually be at the front in a room, or at the front in the Open-Air, if necessary, stand on a raised platform.

Your results.—If your singing blesses people's souls or gains their praise, at once thank God for having thus honored you. If, on the other hand, no good seems to have been accomplished, keep on doing your best for Jesus, and you will surely learn of blessed results on the judgment Day—if not before.—E.E.M.

(Continued from foot of column 1)

hushed silence of the audience told of the great impression made. Not the least appreciated items were the hymn tunes, rendered with almost artistic accompaniment.

The Band concluded the strenuous week-end campaign by broadcasting a service on the Sunday night from St. Lawrence, on the Captain F. H. H. station (C.K.L.). Staff Captain F. H. H. the address of Mrs. E. H. H. of the evening at the piano.

Hardly had the program commenced than calls for request items began to flow in from near and far. Unfortunately time permitted only a small percentage of these to be rendered. Such interest is eloquent testimony to the best and far-reaching influence of this Sunday evening broadcast.

The following message has been received by the Editor: "Please convey congratulations to Salvation Army Band at Exhibition on Saturday night. A wonderful performance, splendid tone, and a credit to the Exhibition. Good luck to the band." "Flight-Lieutenant Cromby."

"H.M. Air Force Band."



We heard of a Band the other day which murdered the Festival Series. Was it your Band?

(From "The Bandman and Songster.")

Best Solos

The first bass solo to form a distinct section of a tune appeared in B.J. 28 ("We shall win"), although so-called "trumpeting" parts to several of the marching tunes included in some of the earlier numbers, were afterwards used in small notes; "Up from the grave He arose" (B.J. 16), "Bound for Glory" (No. 17), "Soldier's Song" (No. 18), being examples.

The First March

The rule excluding the use of purely instrumental music was operative until the year 1901, when, owing to the development of Bands and their growing power as an attractive influence, it was decided to extend the limits of instrumental music and permit a wider and more varied type of composition in the direction of

A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

MARS NEVER WEARIES

A THREE-DAY mammoth test "air raid" on London, England, has taken place. The experts are agreed that, had the sham been real, both the metropolis would have been ruined and most of the attacking planes destroyed. The lesson of the raid is that war methods never stand still. While statements are significant, a fact "forever to renounce" scientists and inventors and war-mongers are devising ways and means of making war more deadly.

If war broke out to-day the methods employed in 1918 would be as obsolete as those of South Africa used to trench warfare days. Not only would gas and aircraft play a great part—some say a part sufficient to render aircraft useless—but land forces would move at breath-taking rates of speed. Britain has already developed an entirely mechanized force, employing for all arms tanks, the tractors capable of going literally anywhere. The same develop-

ment. The bottom consists of a soft, oozy mud formed of volcanic dust which has fallen on to the water above, and by the skeletons of the countless microscopic animals and plants which live near the surface and whose dead bodies rain down in an unceasing shower on the bottom far beneath; in the greatest depths of all these are dissolved owing to the tremendous pressure, and only the red volcanic mud is found on the floor of the watery world.

From this description we may gain a clearer view of God's promise to cast all our sins into the depths of the sea, never to be remembered against us any more.

WOMEN SMOKING

THOUGHTFUL men and women everywhere regret the increase of the tobacco habit among women. A few years ago the use of the weed by the gentler sex was confined almost entirely to an occasional survivor of a past generation and to women of questionable reputation. To-day things are greatly changed.

tem of wiring, tubes and batteries. At his side had been placed another telephone, while around were various electrical devices which he was destined to operate.

"Among these was an electric fan, and a miniature of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings. Mr. Wensley picked up his telephone and dialed the number. A slight buzzing sound clearly distinguishable through the receiver could be heard indicating that 'televox' was ready for his instructions.

"'Whoo, whoo,' Mr. Wensley whistled into his receiver. Immediately a series of flashes and cracks indicated that the brain had been set in motion and a second afterwards the fan commenced to rotate.

"The inventor then gave his next whistled instructions for the lighting of the windows in the Parliament Buildings.

"'Buzz, buzz, buzz,' came back the machine.

"He tells me he doesn't understand what I'm saying," Mr. Wensley translated and repeated his tune into the receiver. Immediately the little win-

patchwork quilts to airplanes, and from donkey carts to racing cars, will all be there. It is an exhibition both interesting and informative.

The Band of His Majesty's Royal Air Force comes from England and the Ameco Band of sixty professional musicians come from the U.S.A., while Toronto provides a chorus of two thousand voices—a feast here for the music lover.

For fifty consecutive years the Exhibition has been held and the management expects the Golden Jubilee Year to break all previous records.

EXTREMES

THERE SEEMS to be a kink in unregenerate human nature which tends to carry everything to extremes. In our last issue we voiced the desirability of every person learning to swim, and we are sure that our readers will be entertained for a few hours and then what? Is it worth while? Swimming for physical development and as a means of life saving is good, but why go to extremes?

The same remarks can be made of other things. Automobiles are a valuable means of travel, but speeders are a menace to life. Airplanes have a very real commercial value, but who benefits by stunt flying? Men drive automobiles, ride bicycles, walk, run, dance and all the rest to the limit of human endurance, get their names in the press and are promptly forgotten. What's the good of it all?

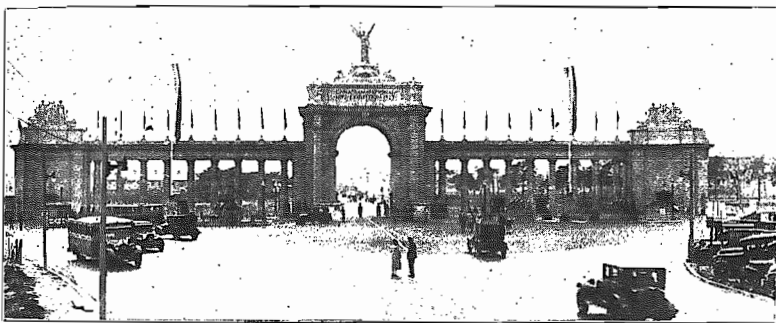
NEW SOURCE OF RUBBER

AUTOMOBILE tires, battery boxes, running-board mats, all from beneath the waters of the Great Salt Lake, are the latest contributions of science in the worldwide search for new sources of rubber and rubber substitutes. From shafts six feet in diameter sunk to depths of 125 to 140 feet about 2,000 acres of an unusual deposit of bitumen on the north-eastern shore of the western arm of the lake are being drained. The resulting product, we are told in "Popular Mechanics," is a black, viscous, molasses-like liquid, consisting of 99.9 per cent. of saturated sulphur oil, created by the decay of fossil remains and sealed into clay beds of this region."

"HOUSES OF ETERNITY"

"IT HAS always been assumed that the Egyptians expended such time and thought on the burial of their dead because they loved and revered them, and many writers have denounced the excavator for disturbing the dead in their last sleep and destroying the 'houses of eternity' in which loving hands had placed them," says Sir Wallis Budge in his book "The Dweller on the Nile."

"But it is possible that the Egyptians did not take all this trouble in hiding their dead in what they deemed to be inaccessible places through love, but through fear. . . . Mummification of the body, the bandaging of the same, the nailed anthropoid coffin and sarcophagus, the well-constructed tomb with its walled-up doorways, and shafts filled with stones and concealed entrances, were all intended to keep the deceased in his tomb and to prevent him from coming back among the living and working his will upon them."



The Princes' Gate at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. This magnificent entrance was opened by the Prince of Wales last year

ment is world-wide. An artillery brigade paraded in Buffalo recently, drawn by tractors, which would move the guns as far as the hour as the six teams could negotiate in a day at Amiens.

Mr. C. P. Scott, veteran editor of "The Manchester Guardian," says: "The whole to-day seeks peace, and yet it is armed to the teeth." Mr. Lloyd George thus visions it: "The hawk and the dove are chasing one another around the globe, but in the end it is the hawk that will strike."

One can never over-estimate the profitable fact that the only hope of ever abolishing war is for men to experience a change of heart.

ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

"NOTHING illustrates better the terrific power which is inherent in life than the way in which, as a result of the increasing competition for food and shelter, it has invaded all possible regions," writes "Zoologist," in "T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly." There is life at the Poles and in the hot springs of New Zealand, on the tops of mountains and at the bottom of dark caverns, high in the air, in the greatest depths of the ocean.

It is hard for us to imagine what conditions must be like beneath these miles of water. There must clearly be the most perfect stillness, none of the myriad little sounds which are heard on land on the stillest days—and utter darkness. The water is fecund and there is a terrific pressure which increases with the depth, each thousand fathoms representing a pressure of about one ton to the square

inch. It is far from uncommon to see women smoking in restaurants and other public places, tobacco stores cater for women customers, and flaring advertisements recommend various brands of cigarettes for women's use.

A large percentage of these new smokers are young women and girls who do it in a spirit of bravado, a sort of feminine "smart Alec" type, but women of more mature years and in all walks of society are also acquiring the habit.

It is easy to claim that women have as much right to smoke as their husbands and brothers, but medical testimony emphatically declares that not only is a woman's health more likely to suffer from the use of tobacco than a man's, but that the children of smoking mothers start life under a real handicap of weakness and liability to disease. In view of their responsibility to the next generation, women would do well to consider and hesitate before acquiring this habit so unprofitable at best.

THE "TELEVOX"

A TORONTO paper says: "A demonstration of the machine of the future, or as he has been christened 'the televox,' was given yesterday to some fifty spectators, guests of the Canadian Westinghouse Company, at a luncheon in the King Edward Hotel, when R. J. Wensley, engineer of the company at Pittsburgh, and inventor of the remarkable device, proved to his audience the unlimited possibilities of the machine. At one end of the banquet room Mr. Wensley was seated with an ordinary dial telephone at his elbow. At the other stood a grotesque likeness of a man, his anatomy a complicated sys-

tem of wiring, tubes and batteries. At his side had been placed another telephone, while around were various electrical devices which he was destined to operate. The device, the inventor explained, could be operated from any distance by the simple medium of the telephone, and responded in various ways to different tones. It would also in a similar manner react to a radio receiver signal as had been demonstrated recently when flood lights on an emergency landing field had been switched on by the broadcast of a siren on an airplane.

"Televox," he said, could be constructed to carry out numerous useful tasks not only in the world of industry but in the home.

There is no doubt that the machine is a wonderful piece of mechanism, but there is a long, long way to go before man can dispense with the service of his fellow man.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

FROM August 24th to September 8th, the Canadian National Exhibition will be in full swing at Toronto, and unless something unforeseen occurs, in the neighborhood of two million people will pass through the turnstiles and help to assure the success of the Big Fair.

It is difficult to overestimate the educational value of the Exhibition to those privileged to attend. Interesting and rare exhibits from many distant lands will be of benefit to everyday users of the articles. The finest products of land and loom, of forest and foundry will be gathered with the results of scientific research and ancient and modern art. From

Home From France

Canadian Officer spends Useful Decade across the Atlantic

An Officer with an extremely interesting decade of service to his credit called at Territorial Headquarters a few days ago, in the person of Adjutant Charles Pocock.

The Adjutant is a Londoner, and got saved in that historic city, being a Soldier for some time at Leyton I before coming to Canada in 1911.

He entered the Field from Hamilton in 1913, and for four and a half years was an Officer in this Territory, serving in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces as well as a few months in the Trade Department.



Adjutant Pocock

During this time there was an appeal made through "The War Cry" for volunteers to do Field work in France. Our comrade offered his services and in due course was accepted and sent to France.

For three months he was Secretary to Major Boisson, who had charge of The Army's War Work among the French troops. Then came six months at the Trade Department in Paris, after which he felt that he had made sufficient progress with the language to undertake work among the people, and accordingly asked for a Corps. He was sent to Boulogne to establish a Corps, with Calais as an Outpost. The Army was unable to secure a suitable building at Boulogne, so ultimately the plan was changed and Calais has a Corps with an Outpost at Boulogne.

During the Adjutant's twenty months' command there he was married to Captain Henry, who came out of Guernsey and had seen considerable service in France. Mrs. Pocock speaks French as fluently as English, and their five children speak the two languages with equal facility. The Adjutant also speaks French fluently. Their next appointment was to the command of St. Jean du Gard, in the centre of the Huguenot district, so rich with traditions of martyrdom and heroism. This Corps is of special interest to Canadians as the home of Field-Major Cabrit, who so freely gave the best of her life to the French work in Montreal.

They also served at St. Etienne, a mining district bristling with communism, and at Maxamet, where the people were largely Protestant and allowed The Army a large measure of freedom. Between these two appointments they had charge of a Men's Hostel at Valenciennes for almost two years. The Adjutant's present appointment is at Territorial Headquarters in Paris as Cashier.

He is spending a month's furlough in Canada, while Mrs. Pocock and the children are on a visit to Guernsey; then they return to the work and the country they both love.

Canada East comrades will join in wishing them continued soul-saving victories in the Republic.

INGERSOLL'S FOUR PIONEER SOLDIERS

174 Years of Loyal Service

THE picture below shows four of Ingersoll Corps' oldest members, all of whom have spent the major portion of their lives in the Salvation Army. Their ages aggregate two hundred and ninety-eight years; their years of service in The Army total one hundred and seventy-four.

Sister Mrs. Cannon joined the Ingersoll Corps forty years ago. She was converted in the Bible Christian Church, and later followed what she felt was a God-chosen path in the ranks of The Army. Her only daughter, Sister Mrs. Noe, is actively engaged in the Young People's Corps and has been for over twenty-five years.

Sister Mrs. Moyer was converted in London, Ontario, soon after The Army opened its operations there, the date being August 24th, 1883. She has thus forty-five years of service to her credit. During her young days she held practically every office in the Ingersoll Corps, as well as doing real work for her Master in Brantford and Flint, Michigan. She attended the first Congress in Toronto and there received the Blessing of a Clean Heart. Her daughter, Sister

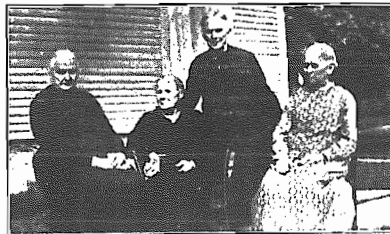
proved faithful to the Flag ever since. When she was interviewed she said that she had, during those years, visited and prayed with all kinds of people in all manner of places and conditions; and she feels satisfied now that "she has done what she could." She, too, has a daughter, Sister Mrs. Diggs, who has worked hard in the Young People's Corps.

Sister Mrs. Lightowler, while the youngest in age, has seen a great deal of Army service in Canada and in Foreign Fields. Back in April of 1884 she became connected with The Army in Seaford, Ontario. She received the Call to Officership and eventually arrived in India. After her marriage in India to Captain Lightowler, and some further years of service, they were transferred to the United States, where, owing to Mrs. Lightowler's ill-health, they were forced to give up the work in the Field and came to Ingersoll.

Our comrade proved a great help to all in the Corps, taking an interest in the spiritual welfare of old and young in her own quiet way. Though her eyesight is failing, she still comes to the meetings and gives a bright testimony to God's goodness.

"MOTHERS IN ISRAEL"

Sisters Mrs. Cannon, Mrs. Moyer, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Lightowler.



Mrs. Cable, has been actively engaged in the Young People's Corps for a great number of years.

Sister Mrs. Edwards is the oldest in years of the group, having just passed her seventy-ninth birthday. She, like Sister Mrs. Cannon, was connected with the Bible Christian Church, but when The Army came to Ingersoll, in 1883, immediately linked up with the Organization, and has

Her greatest joy comes from reading her Bible (in raised letters). Her daughter, Blanche, has served in the Ingersoll Corps Young People and also as a nurse in Grace Hospital, Windsor.

These four comrades are indeed real "Mothers in Israel." May their lives be spared to see many more victories in the service of God and The Army.

They Don the Blue

Two well-known Officers transferred to the Staff

Staff-Captain Ham, recently appointed to the Staff, had the privilege which has been a boon to so many Officers, he was born of Army parents and grew up in an atmosphere of Salvationism. Early in life he



Staff-Captain Frank Ham

heard the call to service for God and the day which marked his majority was spent as a Cadet. From the Training Garrison he went direct to the Field, and all his service has been as a Field Officer and a few months ago when he was appointed as Men's Side Officer at the Training Garrison.

To say that he has been busy since then is putting it very mildly indeed. Not only did he bear his full share of the work of training the last Season of Cadets, but since the Commissioning he has led the Training Garrison Revival Quartet in a most strenuous campaign in the London Division.

We bespeak for the Staff-Captain a career of increasing usefulness in the branch of work in which he is now engaged.

Staff-Captain Fred Riches, Divisional Young People's Secretary of the Hamilton Division, who has recently been transferred to the Staff, is a bit of a cosmopolitan. He was born in Old England, but while still a lad he was "picked up" in the Royal Engineers. Among other places visited during his military career was St. George's, Bermuda, and there he got saved and became a Salvationist about twenty-three years ago.



Staff-Captain Fred Riches

When he had served his time in His Majesty's service, he went to live in Chatham, Ont., whence he and Mrs. Riches became Officers in 1903.

After serving as a Field Officer for a number of years, during which he commanded some of the most important Corps in the Territory, our comrade was recently appointed to Post People's Work in the Hamilton Division.

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

NORTH TORONTO—Sunday, September 2nd, Morning Holiness Meeting.
LIPPINCOTT—Sunday, September 2nd, Night, Salvation Meeting.
SUNNYSIDE (With Temple Band)—Sunday, September 2nd, following Salvation Meeting.

TWEED—Wednesday, September 12th (Re-opening of Hall).
HAMILTON I—Saturday and Sunday, September 8-9th (Opening of new Citadel).
TRAINING GARRISON—Thursday, September 13th (Welcome of Cadets).

TORONTO TEMPLE—Sunday, September 16th (Supported by Training Garrison Staff and Cadets).

MOTOR CAMPAIGN IN THE LONDON DIVISION

STRATFORD—Thursday, September 20th.
LISTOWEL (12.15 p.m.), PALMERSTON (3.00 p.m.), HARRISTON (4.30 p.m.), HANOVER (8.00 p.m.)—Friday, September 21st.
CHESLEY (11.45 a.m.), WIARTON (8.00 p.m.)—Saturday, September 22nd.
OWEN SOUND—Sunday, September 23rd.
SOUTHAMPTON (11.45 a.m.), PORT ELGIN (2.30 p.m.), KINGCARDINE (4.15 p.m.), WINGHAM (8.00 p.m.)—Monday, September 24th.
Lt.-Commissioner Hoe and the Field Secretary will accompany on the Motor Campaign.

CAMPAIGN IN NORTH BAY DIVISION

SAULT STE. MARIE II—Saturday, September 29th.
SAULT STE. MARIE I—Sunday, September 30 (Both Corps unite).
NEW LISKEARD—Tuesday, October 2nd (Cobalt and Haliburton to unite).
KIRKLAND LAKE—Wednesday, October 3rd.
TIMMINS—Thursday, October 4th.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14

**BROTHER W. PARTON,
Sault Ste. Marie**

Brother William Parton of the Sault Ste. Marie II Corps passed away recently in the Plummer Memorial Hospital.

Brother Parton was born in Leominster, England, in 1875, and was converted in Liverpool where he joined The Army. In 1904 he came to Sault Ste. Marie and became a Soldier of the No. I Corps where he was drummer for a long time, later moving to No. II Corps. Adjutant Luxton visited the hospital after the Operation on the Saturday night previous and got the assurance that all was well. The question was asked "Is Jesus coming for you soon," and the reply was, "Yes, soon, thank God." Our comrade had an Army Funeral, which was well attended. Ensign Waters, from No. I, assisted in the Memorial service on the Sunday night. The Band played The Army Funeral March while the congregation stood out of respect for our departed comrade. The Adjutant reminded the people of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and one seeker knelt at the Penitentiary for Salvation.

**BROTHER T. MCCORMICK,
St. Stephen**

Death has entered the family of Brother and Sister McCormick and taken their dear son, Tom. Tom was on the threshold of manhood when disease got hold of him, and although taken to the Saint John hospital, where everything that could be done for him was done, he lost in the battle for life and health. Our young comrade assured his parents just before his passing that all was well, saying, "I have fought a hard fight, but God has been with me and given me victory."

We laid him to rest in the beautiful cemetery at St. Stephen, to await the call of the Last Trumpet. God has wonderfully sustained our comrades during this severe trial; they request the prayers of God's people.—Field-Major Hisecock.

Young Women's Social Officer receives the Call

THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts the Funeral Service of Captain Edith Russell

"CAPTAIN EDITH RUSSELL has gone Home." That was the message which the Commissioner received from Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay on Sunday, August 26th.

Those who knew the Captain best, and those who were near her during her last triumphant hours on earth, felt that the words were well chosen. Death seemed an inappropriate term, she was not dead, she had "gone Home."

For some months past the promoted Officer's health has been increasingly unsatisfactory, and at last it was decided that an operation was the best course to pursue. She accordingly entered the Women's Hospital at Toronto, where she was given the loving care which she had herself ministered to others in the same Institution.

At first the best was hoped for and her comrade Officers had visions of her back at her loved work with better physical equipment than ever, but it was not to be. She had not the strength necessary for a recovery, and on Saturday, August 25th, the Saviour called and she "went Home." Those who were with her when she "crossed the Bar" testify for her complete readiness for the summons and the calm resignation with which she bowed to the Master's will to leave her work on earth for service in the Glory Land.

A large company of comrades and loved ones gathered at Miles' Funeral Chapel, Toronto, on Tuesday afternoon, where the funeral service was conducted by the Commissioner. After an appropriate song, and prayer by Field-Major Squarebriggs, Assistant Robinson, of the Toronto Women's Hospital, read John's glorious vision of the City of Light, and Ensign Aaby and Lieutenant Nunn, also of the Hospital Staff, sang a duet,

Ensign Stevenson spoke of our promoted comrade as a girlhood friend with whom she had shared the battles and victories of Soldier days, and in whose correspondence as a comrade Officer she had found inspiration and faith. Most impressive was her reading of an extract from a letter she received from the Captain during her last illness, in which she declared



The late Captain Edith Russell

anew her devotion to the whole will of God.

Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay told of the closing hours of the Captain's life, and described her complete triumph in the battle with the last enemy. Speaking of one so young being called to lay down her sword, the Colonel said: "God's ways are higher than our ways, and I am sure that her service of love for God which is ended here will continue above."

Before the closing song, the Commissioner urged all to take comfort from the thought that God "guides us with unerring Hand," although His ways are mysterious to us they are

always in love and wisdom. He said he would like the Captain's loved ones in the Old Country to know that The Salvation Army in Canada summed up her service in the words of the Master, "She hath done what she could."

In a short service at the graveside the Commissioner again reminded all present of the necessity of being ready for the Call to Higher Service, and urged any whose love may have grown cold to return to the safety and joy of oneness with Christ. To the accompaniment of "Abide with me," softly breathed from the hearts of loving comrades, we committed our promoted comrade's body to the grave "with a sure and certain hope of the resurrection to Eternal Life."

Captain Edith Russell entered the Training Garrison from Brantford in 1920. Her first appointment was to the Women's Hospital at Toronto, where she trained as a nurse, graduating October 4th, 1923.

She later rendered valuable service at the Hospitals in London and Hamilton. Her last appointment was to the Ottawa Resusc Home, where she had charge of the Nursery. This was work in which she delighted and which she carried on with splendid efficiency until her final illness separated her from her dearly-loved charges.

**SISTERS MRS. AUSTIN AND
MRS. HIGGINS,
North Sydney**

Our Officers were called back from furlough suddenly to conduct the funeral services of two of our comrades, Sister Mrs. Austin and Sister Mrs. Higgins. A double funeral service was held on Sunday afternoon in the Citadel, when nearly six hundred people gathered to pay a last tribute to their comrades. Ensign Kettle, a former Officer of North Sydney, assisted and spoke.

In the Memorial service several comrades paid tribute to the memory of our promoted comrades. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved, and our prayers are on their behalf.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST

(Continued from page 6)

"You are the headman of the district. Why do the white women stay?" Soekijah hissed at her husband one day.

For long hours there had been one of the many periodic discussions of the lassie missionaries at the headman's house.

"Why do you want them to go?" questioned the husband.

An ugly look clouded the girl's face, completely diverting its delicate native beauty.

"Everyone once talked of my beauty," she screamed in rage, "but now no one scarcely thinks of me. They talk—yes, like parrots they talk—always of the kind and good Captain and—bah!—let . . . the beautiful and good Lieutenant. Ist!"

A darkening of the doorway made the headman aware that a group of the villagers, who served him, were gathering around at the sound of loud speech.

His dignity was touched. "Speak not thus to thy husband—and the headman," he said arrogantly and sternly.

"Away you!" he roared at the figures in the doorway, and they disappeared like shadows. Then to Soekijah still scowling, but now also weeping, "Bring chicken and rice. We will eat. I must talk on matters of importance with Mas Inim. See that we are not disturbed."

A little later the headman and the priest sat facing each other in the shadows of an inner room. With legs crossed they sat on their feet, and a platted cane matting spread over

and deftly threw rice and chicken into their mouths with their fingers. A spluttering oil-lamp suspended from a low beam was the only light in the room.

The walls were thin and "had ears," so they spoke only in hoarse whispers.

"By Mahomet, something must be done," said the priest tersely.

"The time has come when something shall be done," responded the headman emphatically.

But what? They shook their heads doubtfully, and continued their whispered conversation. The difficulty, it seemed, lay in the fact that education was enlightening the people to the dishonesties of this precious pair. The boys of the village when they learned to read and count at the little Army School on the hill had a habit of enlightening their fathers as to the correct amount of tax payable, when the Mas Loerah insisted on them paying two or three times the amount of tax due. The priest also saw his power fading and his income, therefore, dwindling.

As the "inim" chewed his beetroot with its accompanying concoction of lime and tobacco and occasionally spat the red fluid violently on the floor a plan formulated in his mind.

A broad smile appeared on his dark, crafty face, showing his teeth stained ivory-black from the juice of his chewing engonglomeration. Scarcely able to contain himself he whispered excitedly to the other man's ear.

The headman rubbed his hands in glee. Now he would show everyone that a person did

not escape the threats of Mas Ramadikrama, headman of Timpi, because their faces happened to be white. And how proud Soekijah would be of her powerful headman husband!

"Is the plan safe?" queried Mas Loerah. "If you do as I suggest," answered the "inim."

A passing doubt clouded the headman's face. "Are you certain it will work?" he said anxiously.

"I swear by Mahomet it will. As sure as the species of bananas in our land number over 700," the priest replied eloquently, but with a glint of war in his eyes.

"Then call Kasimin and Roes."

"They must be our messengers. We will trust no one save our own flesh and blood, then our plan cannot fail."

With a string of threats and many a warning the boys were let into the secret plot, and it was an extremely scared pair that emerged from that inner room a little later to go on their first errand.

"You will go together, always together," the headman had said. "Then if one be unfaithful in his trust the other shall inform me and he shall be punished. Though it be Kasimin, my own son, he shall be punished—yes, and punished again and again. Remember, Kasimin, you are a headman's son. Remember, Roes, your father is an Inim of Mahomet."

The two boys looked at each other. They were sworn enemies. How they hated each other! Yet it seemed fate had decreed them to work together!

Their first instructions were given them, and off they set out into the dark moonless night, traveling westward to the village of Djedak.

(To be continued)



In the Kitchen

WHEN JELLIES WON'T "JELL"

The preserving season is upon us, and the family recipes for jam and jelly are brought from the corner of the drawer, where, yellow with age, they exist for 51 weeks of the year. Even following these instructions most carefully, it sometimes happens that the jelly refuses to "jell," and the jam begins to ferment after a few weeks.

In the case of the jelly, it may be:—
1. Because the jelly was under-boiled.
2. The fruit too ripe or bruised.
3. Boiled too quickly and too long.
The first is easily remedied. Just cook slowly and carefully for a little time longer; but no amount of boiling will make fruit jelly set once it has lost its power of gelling through too much cooking.

Over-ripe fruit no longer contains the "pectose" which is the jelly-like substance found in all fruits. The only remedy, therefore, is to add $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. of isinglass to each pint of juice, boil till dissolved, and do not keep it too long.

Some fruits contain more pectose than others, notably apples, therefore apple water or juice may be added to other fruits which "jelly" less easily.

If your jam ferments soon after being made, perhaps it is being stored in too warm a place, or the fruit may have been damaged or over-ripe.

When this happens, open all the pots and remove the midew, turn the jam into a clean pan, add a little more sugar, and boil slowly for about an hour, skimming carefully.—M.F.

A Homely Truth

Teacher: "You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?"

Tom (shamefully): "That's me."

FOR MOTHER AND MAID

Children and "Bogies"

A WARNING TO PARENTS



THE nervous system of children is often damaged by shock or fright, sometimes very seriously, so that paralysis or hysterical affections come on.

Blindness, deafness, loss of speech, every possible loss of function may follow a violent shock to a child's mind or bodily system.

Care must be taken to avoid this. The moment you see the child affected by any strange sight or sound, have, if possible, the child removed or the affecting object put away, or have someone who can soothe the child brought to calm its mind.

This properly done, and done quickly, will usually prevent any evil effects.

The important matter of good sleep for the child depends not only on health of body but on ease of the infant's mind. It is wrong to treat the child otherwise than through the understanding, when he is afraid, or in a strange place. Waking up after being put to sleep in a strange room,

the little one may receive a shock which may prevent sleep for the rest of the night.

If he be patiently soothed and matters explained, all will be well; but it is a great cruelty to thrash or threaten in such a case.

To frighten a child with ghost stories, or bogies, is to commit a serious crime. It is not dealt with by the law, but it certainly deserves to be.

Never bring before a child's mind any imaginary terrors; rather teach it to understand them in such a way as to remove any cause of fear. Do not force a child to examine an object which it fears; you may do terrible damage before you can explain.

All fears should be most carefully dealt with, and no force employed; the little one who has no imaginary terrors, and is kindly taught to think every fearful image at bottom some innocent cloak or shadow, will sleep soundly and grow healthy in mind.

MAKING MILK ATTRACTIVE FOR CHILDREN

Frolicking in green meadows, in grassy hay fields, on a smooth, sandy beach, or in the cool waters of a lake will provide that which is necessary to make many a child really appreciate a big shining glass of milk, that food which is so essential. Plain fare is thoroughly enjoyed by the fortunate boys and girls who are permitted to spend the Summer in the country or by the lake, and it needs only the welcome call of the dinner bell to bring them tumbling in, ready to demolish everything on the simple menu.

New dresses for the peroxide-spiced old friends, such as milk and brown bread, are imperative for the youngsters who for one reason or another are compelled to spend the Summer in an apartment or a house on a crowded street. Milk tastes far to them, and they crave the fruit drinks and the sparkling beverages which can be purchased at the corner store. But they need the milk, and they must have it, so the new dresses should be made attractive.

Milk should be thoroughly kept, and if a siphon of soda water is kept on hand it will provide the necessary "kick." Two tablespoons of fruit juice, sweetened slightly, may be put into the glass before the milk is added. Vanilla, almond or coffee extracts may be added to vary the milk drink. Chopped ice, when available, adds interest to a glass of milk.

TESTED RECIPES

APPLE SNOWBALLS

Wash six heaped tablespoonfuls of rice and cook it carefully with three cups of milk, or milk and water mixed. When all the milk is absorbed, add a little salt and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Peel and core six apples, keeping them whole, then fill the cavities with sugar and one clove to each apple. Cover each apple with rice, tie it in a pudding cloth, drop into boiling water and cook gently for an hour.

APPLE PANCAKES WITH MAPLE SYRUP

2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 14 cups milk, 1 tablespoon melted fat, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup grated tart apple.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk and melted fat, beat thoroughly and add the beaten egg and apple. Mix well and bake in plate size on a slightly greased hot griddle. Stack the cakes like layer-cake with shaved maple-syrup and butter between the layers. Serve very hot.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

*The following further shipments
have arrived:*



HELPS TO DIRECTORY—30c plus 3c postage.

LIFE-SAVING SCOUT MANUAL, No. 1. (Rank Tests and How to Pass Them). 40c plus 2c postage.

LIFE-SAVING GUARD MANUAL, No. 1. (Rank Tests and How to Pass Them). 40c plus 2c postage.

INTERNATIONAL DEMONSTRATOR, Leaflet Nos. 1 to 9 inclusive. Just the thing to help the Y.P.S.M. and others with their Demonstration program. Price 20c each, post paid.

UNIFORM BONNETS.

WOMEN'S UNIFORM STRAW HATS.

OFFICERS', BANDSMEN'S AND SOLDIERS' UNIFORM CAPS.

UNIFORMS—Made to Measure, Men's or Women's. Place your order now and be ready for the Fall weather. Samples, Forms and Price List sent on application.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS OR INQUIRIES TO:

THE TRADE SECRETARY
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO 2, ONT.

Circulation Chart

Halifax Division	
HALIFAX I (Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)	1,100
Truro (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	285
Halifax II (Commandant Wells)	275
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	225
Yarmouth (Adjutant and Mrs. Mills)	200
Dartmouth (Captain and Mrs. Voisey)	168
Hamilton Division	
HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	575
Hamilton I (Commandant and Mrs. Edsworth)	550
Hamilton II (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	315
Brantford (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)	260
Drillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	250
Hamilton II (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	250
St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)	225
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	225
Port Colborne (Captain and Mrs. F. Dixon)	225
Kitchener (Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	200
Brillington (Lieutenant Ford and Smith)	200
Niagara Falls I (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmis)	180
Guelph (Commandant and Mrs. White)	170
London Division	
ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	325
Sarnia (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	270
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Lilling)	250
Woodstock, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitao)	210
Sturton (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	200
Owen Sound (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)	180
Montreal Division	
MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Ollingham)	1,075
Sherbrooke (Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	315
Montreal II (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	300
Kingston (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	250
Montreal III (Captain and Mrs. Worthylake)	225
Montreal IV (Verdun) (Ensign and Mrs. Larue)	200
Bellevue (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	180
Corwall (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	165
North Bay Division	
TIMMINS (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieutenant Semple)	400
North Bay (Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	230
Sudbury (Captain and Mrs. Renshaw, Lieutenant Downes)	225
Sault Ste. Marie I (Ensign Waters, Captain Hallam)	200
Sault Ste. Marie II (Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)	180
Cochran (Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant W. Harrington)	150
Ottawa Division	
OTTAWA I (Ensign and Mrs. Falle)	600
Ottawa III (Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	210
Ottawa II (Ensign Page, Captain Miles)	150
Saint John Division	
MONCTON I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	525
Saint John I (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	300
Fredericton (Commandant and Mrs. Pottle)	285
St. Stephen (Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	225
Charlottetown (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	225
Saint John II (Ensign Danby, Lieutenant Curry)	180
Campbellton (Captain and Mrs. Payton)	150
Woodstock, N.B. (Ensign Clague, Captain P. Ritchie)	150
Saint John III (Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	160
Sydney Division	
SYDNEY (Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adeock)	250
Gloucester (Ensign and Mrs. Howett)	235
New Waterford (Adjutant Mabb, Ensign Evans)	180
Whitney Pier (Captain and Mrs. Williams)	180
(Continued at top of column 4)	

OUR EFFECTIVE WEAPON

C. M. Rising Sends Out a Call—A Super-Enthusiast—Two Letters—

Something Worth Thinking About

AND L.O. as I did journey along the street that is called Albert, I looked, and behold I saw a man with a trumpet in his hand. And I said unto myself, "That's the man for me. Oh, that he would blow a loud noise on the trumpet and summon together into a great multitude all the hosts of the Blood-and-Fire."

But as I took counsel with myself I saw that it couldn't be did. So I let the trumpeter go his way in peace.

Then did I commune with myself further, and say unto myself, "I, C. M. Rising, must do the needful. I, even I, must blow

A Loud Noise

on the trumpet and summon the multitude."

And this I do now by means of these writings. Hear ye all. Men and women are wanted. Warriors, bold of heart to fight the enemy. Their weapons shall not be the sword or the arrow, but paper, THE PAPER—in other language, "The War Cry." With "The War Cry" shall they attack the enemy and scatter him to the four winds.

These things I do know, for I have seen them with mine eyes.

The enemy that is bledred against us is strong in battle; but "The War Cry" is a weapon that is sharp and cunning and will help the wielder to do

Great Exploits.

These things I know, for (etc. etc.).

And now speak I a word privily to the sellers of the writings called "The War Cry."

Will ye seek out others to join you and arm them for the fight, urging them to get on with it.

Sound out the call,

"Heralds! Heralds!! Heralds!!! are wanted."

The more heralds there are the more success in the battle with the adversary which encompasseth us about.

So much for that.

Two letters reach me this week. One is from the impressive Herald Mason, of Ottawa. What do you think he's asking? Enthusiast as I am; he out-enthusiasts me, does this super-boomer; he leaves me an "also ran."

He staggers me with the amazing vitality of his enterprising enthusiasm, his enthusiastic enterprise. Wants to know, he does, when the Christmas number will be ready!!!

The breath-taking, amaze-creating

Push

of the man! The mean-to-set-an-exempleness of him!

Push it with might and main; in the street and in train.

"The War Cry" is an effective means of spreading the glad news of a Saviour from the uttermost and to the uttermost.



And then a note from Captain Yurgensen, of Cochrane, which I quote: "Since we have increased our 'War Cry' by fifteen more, I suppose we deserve to get our name in the Circulation Chart since our total will be 150.

(Continued in column 4)

PRAYERS FOR HOLINESS

Whiter than the Snow

Tell me what to do to be pure,
In the sight of the all-seeing eye!
Tell me, is there no thorough cure,
No escape from the sin I despise?
From this terrible bondage within?
Is there no deliverance for me,
Must I always have sin dwell within?

CHORUS

Whiter than the snow!
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Will my Saviour only pass by—
Only show me how faulty I've been?
Will He not attend to my cry?
Can I not at this moment be clean?
Blessed Lord, almighty to heal,
Here and now I know—yes, I feel
The prayer of my heart does prevail.

Now I know to me Thou wilt show
What before I never could see;
Now I know in me Thou wilt dwell,
And united to Thee I shall be.
The light of Thy smile is on me.
Thy love to my heart is made known,
Now the face of my God I shall see,
And His power in my life shall be shown.

I Bring My Heart to Jesus

I bring my heart to Jesus, with its tears,
With His hopes and feelings, and its tears;
Him it seeks, and finding, it is blest,
Him it loves, and loving, is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour, heart in heart,
None can part.

I bring my life to Jesus with its care,
And before His footstool leave it there,
Faded are its treasures, poor and dim,
It is not worth living without Him,
More than life is Jesus, love and peace.
Ne'er to cease.

I bring my sins to Jesus, as I pray
That His blood will wash them all away.
While I seek for favor at His feet,
And with tears His promise still repeat,
He doth tell me plainly, Jesus lives
And forgives!

I bring my all to Jesus; He hath seen
How my soul desireth to be clean;
Nothing from His altar I would keep,
To His cross of suffering, I would leap,
And the fire descending brings to me
Liberty!

(Continued from column 1)

Toronto East Division

RIVERDALE (Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	400
Yorkville (Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant)	365
Danforth (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	275
Oshawa (Field-Major and Mrs. Osborn, Lieutenant Knapp)	250
Peterboro (Ensign and Mrs. Green)	205
East Toronto (Commandant and Mrs. Rayer)	205
Parliament Street (Ensign Davies, Captain Piche, Lieutenant)	179
North Toronto (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	170
Bedford Park (Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	150
Cobourg (Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)	155

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT (Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	300
Dovercourt (Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham, Lieutenant Brokenshire)	250
West Toronto (Field-Major and Mrs. Hign)	240
Lugar Street (Ensign Kettle, Lieutenant Barrett, Lieutenant Wilder)	180
Toronto I (Captain and Mrs. Warrander)	170
Brook Avenue (Captain and Mrs. Green)	155
Swansea (Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beeston)	150
Toronto Temple (Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	160

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I (Commandant and Mrs. Bureley)	350
Windsor II (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Neill)	275
Windsor III (Ensigns Hickling and Richardson)	225
Leamington (Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	180
Wallaceburg (Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150

Newfoundland Sub-Territory

Sub.-T.H.Q. and St. John's I (combined)	260
(Commandant and Mrs. Woodland)	
Grand Falls (Commandant and Mrs. Marsh)	150

(Continued from column 3)

"Can't you write something in the 'Cry' to encourage the other Corps here in the North to increase their 'War Cry' order. I think it is a good thing to do during the Centenary Call Campaign. We have, by selling 'Crys,' got into a lot of new homes and made new friends for The Army."

"Yours for more 'War Cry' selling,

"Wilfred Yurgensen."

Quite right, Captain. Your name ought to be in the Chart. It must be. Further, it shall be. Further still, it IS.

Note, will you, what our friend says as to the value of "Cry" selling in getting one into new homes and thus in touch with new people.

That's worth thinking about. And it may be as well for us to stop right here and think about it.

Yours to
C. M. RISING.

IMMIGRATION & COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

Assisted Passages for Families from Great Britain

To bring about the early reunion of families from the Old Country, we offer very liberal terms.

Write for particulars—
THE RESIDENT SECRETARY
1225 University St., Montreal, P.Q.
The Secretary,
488 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
888 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
365 Ontario St., London, Ont.
114 Beckwith St., Smiths Falls, Ont.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriending, and as far as possible, assisting anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address: Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

BURKLAND, Mathias.—On Birkenhead—When last heard of was living in Highland Garden, St. Hubert, P.Q. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 16761

CHADWICK, John.—Age 27 years; dark brown eyes. Came to Montreal about nine or ten years ago. When last heard of was in Ottawa. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 17144

LAPLANTE, Louis E.—The whereabouts of this man is urgently sought. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate. He is 30 years of age; height 5 ft. 8 in.; fair complexion. His last known address was 228 Rue St. Henry, Montreal. 17052

TORKELSEN, Will. Summers—Whereabouts of this man is being sought by his sister, Karoline, age 44 years. When last heard from was living on Morse Street, Toronto.

CARSON, Edward.—Age 21 years; fair curly hair; fair complexion. He is a miner by occupation. Left home seven months ago on a boat at Milwaukee bound for Halifax. Should this meet the eye, please communicate; brother is very anxious to hear from him. 17152

FARKVAM, Ole Olsen.—Also known as O. Olsen Kvam. Age 32 years; average height; red hair. Should this meet the eye, please communicate; brother in Norway anxious to hear from him. 17055

STEEL, William. or Pinwell—Age 43 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair; grey eyes; sallow complexion; has a tattoo mark. He was on the S.S. "Sarnolite," but signed off there on the 17th of September, 1921. Should this meet the eye, please communicate whereabouts, as it is urgently needed. 16977

HINGTON, Allen.—Age 55 years; height about 5 ft. 8 in.; grey hair; blue eyes; fair. Native of Ireland. Very quiet and nervous. Last heard of in Orillia. Brother very anxious to hear from him. 17147

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, 2.

BROOKE, Gladys.—Age 28; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Native of Twickenham, England. Last address, South Porcupine, Ontario. Friend enquires.

CHESSON, Lucy (Mrs. J. Adams)—Age 37; height 5 ft. 1 in.; blonde; fair complexion. Mark on forehead. Missing about a year. Last address, 29 Hunter Street, Montreal, Quebec. Sister enquires.

WATSON, Mrs. Evelyn.—Age 25; height 5 ft.; black hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Irish. Relative enquires.

BISHOPPE, Mildred.—Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Mildred Bishoppe kindly write to the Women's Social Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

CAMPBELL, Teresa.—Landed from Ireland in Quebec, June 28th, 1920, destined for Columbus, Ont. Age about 25. If this meets the eye, kindly write to the Women's Social Department.

STEAD, Mrs.—Age 75. Known as "Old Jenny." Used to live on Eastern Avenue, Toronto. If this should meet the eye, kindly communicate with the Women's Social Department.

Bombarding the Town

CORNWALL, (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones).—During the week ending August 26th, we visited Lancaster, some eighteen miles out of town, to hold an Open-air Lumbermen of the town in the interests of King Jesus. It was a great success and attracted so much attention, that the townsmen asked us to return again, and offered the use of a hall for the service. As we sped homeward we let the folks along the way know we were soldiers of Jesus by our lusty singing of His praises. On Sunday morning Mrs. Adjutant Jones took the lesson, and we were much blessed by her words of counsel. In the afternoon the hall was visited and inmates cheered by the comrades, and at night we had a real time of blessing.—Corres E. Holden.

ON THE HORIZON

THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS IN TORONTO

THE CONGRESS! What a thrill the word conveys. How it stirs memory—yes, and anticipation! To Salvationists, the Great Annual is the happening of the year. Now that the "Forty-sixth" is commencing to loom large on the horizon, intense interest is being aroused and high expectations are awakening.

Make a Note of the Dates

FRIDAY OCT. 12th, to TUESDAY OCT. 16th

COMMISSIONER HUGH E. WHATMORE

(The Commissioner is Territorial Commander for Southern Australia)

and

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER WM. MAXWELL

Supported by

Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell, The Chief Secretary & Mrs. Henry

And the TERRITORIAL STAFF

THE EVENTS



The Congress will open with
a "Big Night" in

THE ARENA

(Mutual Street)

On FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12th

at 8 p.m.

Where there will be presented

An Instructive and
Attractive Demonstration

The Remaining Public Events will take
place in the MASSEY HALL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th

7.45 p.m. - - - Soldiers' Assembly

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th

10.45 a.m. - - - Holiness Meeting

3.00 p.m. - - - Lecture by

COMMISSIONER WHATMORE

7.00 p.m. - - - Salvation Meeting

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15th

7.45 p.m. - A Great Solemn Assembly

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL AOBY: Stratford, Ther. Sept. 6; Hamilton 1, Wed. Sept. 12; Toronto Temple, Sun., Sept. 16.

COLONEL AND MRS. TAYLOR: Chatham, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 8-9.

LT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: Hamilton 1, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 8-9; and Wed. Sept. 12; Guelph, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-16; Paris, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Port Colborne, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Sherbrooke, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 8-9; Montreal 12, Thurs., Sept. 13; Prescott, Fri., Sept. 14; Picton, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-16; Brockville, Mon., Sept. 17; Ottawa 17, Fri., Sept. 21; Montreal 1, Sun., Sept. 23; Montreal 1, Sat., Sept. 24.

MAJOR AND MRS. BRISTOW: Ligonville, Sun., Sept. 9; Niagara Falls, Sun.-Mon., Sept. 22-23.

MAJOR CAMERON: Huntsville, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 8-9; Gravenhurst, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-16; Chelmsford, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Bracebridge, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR OWEN: North Sydney, Sat., Sept. 9; Sydney Mines, Thurs., Sept. 13; Glace Bay, Sun., Sept. 15; Wainwright, Mon., Sept. 17; New Aberdeen, Thurs., Sept. 20; Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; New Waterford, Thurs., Sept. 27; Florence, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF CAPTAIN RICHES: Hamilton 1, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 8-9; and Wed. Sept. 12; Kitchener, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 15-16; Simcoe, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Brimley, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

The Great Physician

SAULT STE. MARIE II (Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)—Sault Ste. Marie II is experiencing the great thrill of meeting the comrades who are standing fast in fighting for God, and good words are attending our meetings. On Sunday, August 19th, from knee-drill till the last moments of the night meeting, we saw "God was with us," and we rejoiced over THREE souls returning to God.

Not only did God manifest His power in soul-saving, but also in healing of the body. One of our comrades came to the meeting in great pain, and while the Adjutant spoke on "The Great Physician," one sister after another bore witness and faith to Him who is the Great Physician, and before the meeting ended all pain and sickness had disappeared.

Great meetings are being held at all locks every Sunday afternoon, and it provides calling to hear the Gospel in music and song. The band renders splendid service at these meetings.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable it to continue when you have passed away. FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE, AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or my

property, known as No..... in the City or Town of..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory.

OR,

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the said William Bramwell Booth, or other of The Salvation Army, to be sufficient discharge by me, or my Trustees for the said sum.

If the Testator desires that the proceeds of the sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For the following clause: 'For the (Rescue) work now carried on by The Salvation Army.'"

For further information, apply
**LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER
 MAXWELL**
 20 Albert Street,
 Toronto 2.